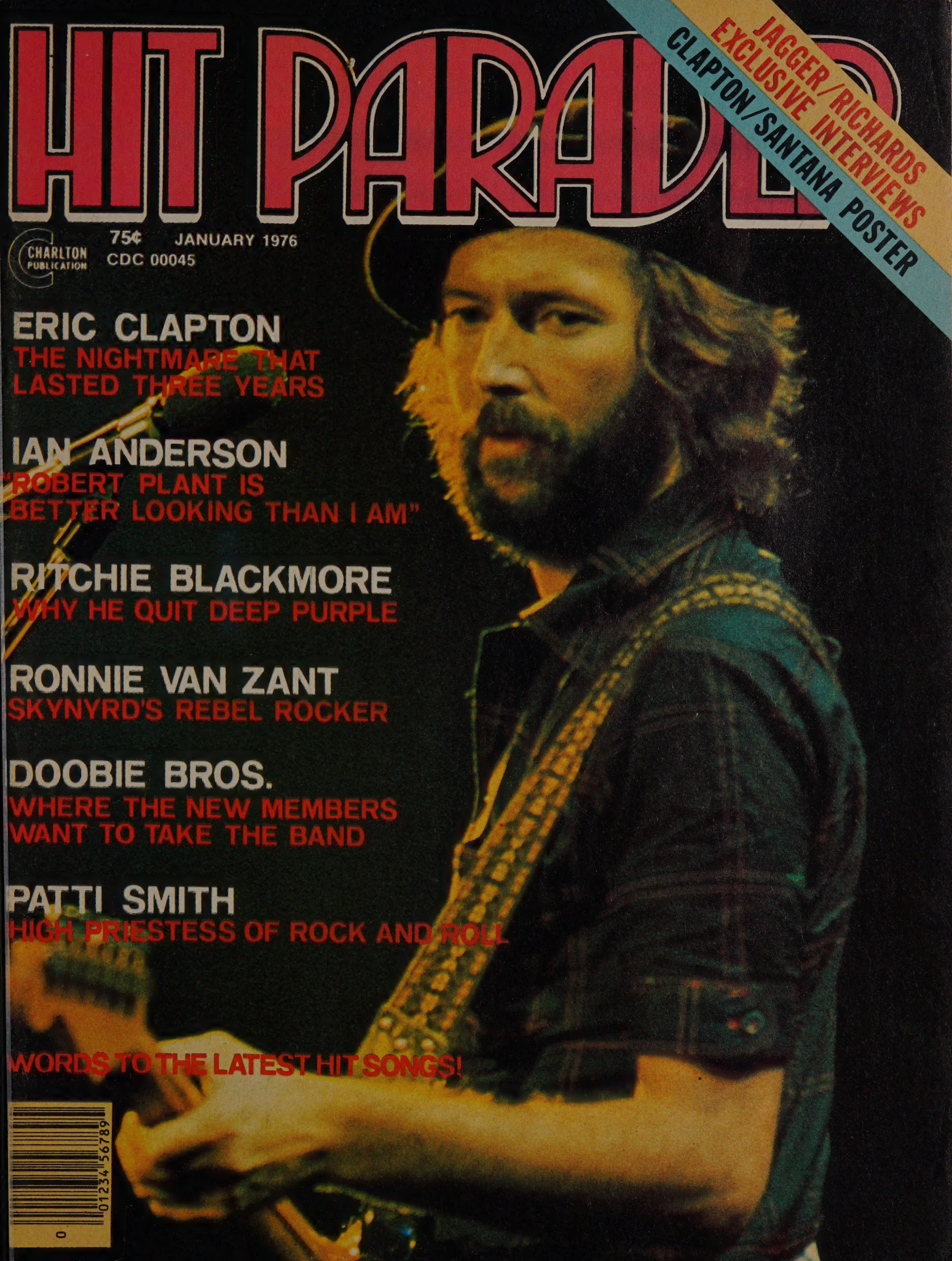
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"ROBERT PLANT IS BETTER LOOKING THAN I AM"

RITCHIE BLACKMORE
WHY HE QUIT DEEP PURPLE

RONNIE VAN ZANT
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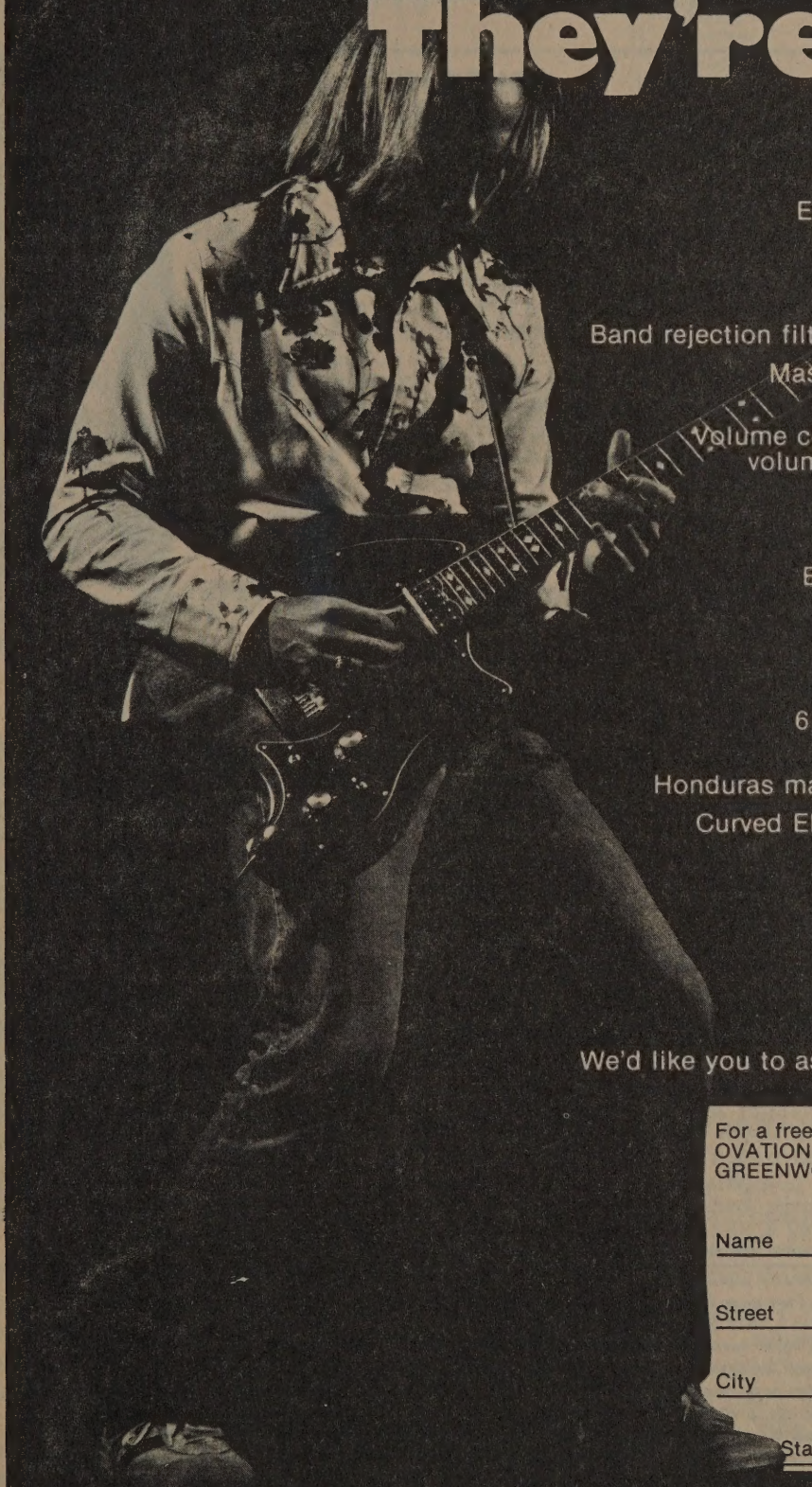
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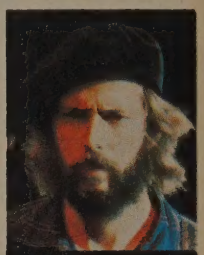
Publisher: John Santangelo, Jr.
Editor: Lisa Robinson
Editorial Asst: Judy Rubin
Art Director: Madelyn Fisher

No. 138
Jan. 1976

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Pgs. 42 & 60-Leo Sayer/by Andy Kent

Executive Editor: William Anderson
Managing Editor: John Cofrancesco, Jr.
Business Manager: Edward Konick
Associate Editor: Mary Jane Canetti
Advertising Production: Bob Shaw, Vida Kuras Joan Schwaller

HIT PARADER is published monthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, Connecticut, 06418. Entered as Second Class Matter April 24, 1943 at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. under the act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1975 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. Annual subscription $7.50 24 issues $14.00. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Volume 35, No. 138, Jan., 1976. Authorized for sale in the U.S., its possessions, territories and Canada only. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, cartoons and songs. All contributions should be addressed to Editorial Office, Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. 06418, and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope. NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER: Joe Sokol, Dilo, Inc., 114 East 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016. (212-686-9050); West and Southwest: Alan Lubetkin and Assoc., 2835 Bayshore Ave., Ventura, Calif., 93003 (805-642-7767) - (213-346-7769).

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WE READ YOUR MAIL

Elton! Elton! Elton!

Dear HP,

I've read just about enough on the subject concerning Elton Hercules John's sexual appeal. Apparently, some people consider him very, very sexy while others, like you, Lisa, see him as a pudgy bank clerky looking man. I've heard numerous cuts to his sexuality, not just this "Elton? Sexy?" incident. Mark Farner once said that it's great that someone as sexless as E.J. got where he is on talent alone. O.K. So some don't consider him sexy. But some do. I hold Elton rather close. I think of him with a special reverence. But he also appeals to me sexually. But since when does everyone get turned on by the same thing? What *is* sexy? I mean, Jim Dandy has a tendency to turn me off, but you'd never hear me say he has no sexual appeal just because he doesn't appeal to me. Sexy? How can one find similarities between the skinny, hollow eyed and queeny David Bowie and Mr. Robert Plant? Yet quite obviously, plenty of people get excited over Bowie. I don't think it's fair of you Lisa to knock Elton as you did, just cause he's not your type. I don't know if I can agree with the Madhatter about Hercules being Mr. Clean, but in any case, what I'm trying to say is, just because Elton doesn't excite you, doesn't mean he's not sexy. If I may use a tired out yet true improvised cliche ... Sexuality lies in the eyes of the beholder.

Love you Elton?
Norma Jean

P.S. You folks can attack E.J. and his music all you want, but you'll never get the best of him. Try if you must but as Joseph Rose said, he can hold his own - And speaking of E.J.'s looks and sexuality, did you see him on Soul Train and at the "Tommy" super party?
P.P.S. All Elton disagreements aside, Hit Parader is getting better with each issue.

Dear Hit Parader,

I have 2 items I would like to cover:

First of all, I would like to reply to what's - her - name's letter a few issues back, she stated something to the effect that rock 'n' roll wasn't meant for "grandfolks." Well, sweets, I would like to say that my granny is one to disprove this fact. She enjoys rock 'n' roll, and in fact, cannot sleep without the radio blasting those sweet little melodies in her ears.

Second of all, I read Wayne County's article on where the stars hang out, in your Sept. 1975 issue and really dug it. But, Wayne, love, at the moment I am stranded in Los Angeles, for the time being and would like to know where you, the stars, and the rest of the gang hang out when you are in L.A. I frequent *The Starwood* often, but I would like to expand my territory. Also, Wayne, when the hell are you coming out here to perform, and where's the records you should be putting out? Listen, boy, the so-called stars of The Strip ain't nothing compared to the real stuff - Wayne County. In fact, as dead as the Strip is now, it could use some new blood. So whatcha waiting for?!

Thanks,
The New York Brat
Los Angeles, California

Dear Hit Parader,

Please, please, girls! The girl in the April '75 and Sept. '75 issues are embarrassing Elton John. Stop before you make Elton feel more damage!! O.K. Kiki Dee was something that Elton could get interested in, but what you girls saw was a man concerned with making his helping effort a success. Like a good friend and a friend patting each other on the back for their successes. It's driving Elton up the wall and making his real girl mad. Hey! If you want to know him personally like I do, put your minds to it. Don't say the things you do. Elton has a very complex and deep personality. If Elton's the guy of your dreams, treat him like he is.

He once was just the guy of my dreams - now they are reality.

When one of you said that you wanted sex before marriage with Elton, Elton is a man with class and great stature. Take this in mind what you think of it, he is also kinda shy. Elton is a very sensitive and decent man. I love being the so-called girl behind him. I have learned a lot from it.

Love,
Pinky

A Crush on Who?

Dear Hit Parader,

Wanda Anderssen, in the Sept. 1975 issue of your magazine, said that she didn't have a "teenybopper crush" on Robert Plant and Jimmy Page because she was 17 and had been "nuts about Robert Plant and Jimmy Page for about 3 years."

She seems to believe that a person who likes Donny Osmond is a teenybopper, whereas a person who likes Led Zeppelin is not a teenybopper. I can't find that word in the dictionary, so I don't know whether she is right or wrong there.

However, Webster's Dictionary defines a crush as an infatuation and an infatuation as unreasoning passion or attraction. It mentions nothing about age or duration.

Being "in love with pictures of someone" *is* unreasonable passion or attraction.

Wanda Anderssen may not be a teenybopper, but she certainly has a crush on Robert Plant and Jimmy Page.

D.B.
Blair, Nebraska

Yeah Wayne

Hit Parader,

I must admit that prior to the Sept. issue of HP I thought of Wayne County as just another NY drag queen with a big mouth. But then I read his priceless tribute to Max's and NY lowlife. Wayne, it was a sheer delight! It was simply the funniest, lightest, most unpretentious piece of praise I've read in a long time! The names, the faces, the places ... Miss County's been there and tells all! And Wayne comes through on the top of the pile - hardly pitiful like some of her species, and totally honest. Lance don't stand a chance as long as Miss County's got her fingers poppin' on those typewriter keys! Wayne, I don't have to say this 'cos you already know it, but you are *HOT* and I love you.

South Shore, California

Dear Hit Parader,

I got one question I *have* to ask you, is Roy Hollingworth for real?! Man, if he is, he is one crazy guy. I love his articles like anything, how'd you ever come across a character like that? Wow!

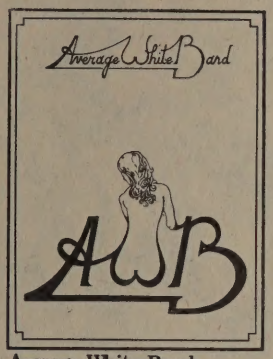
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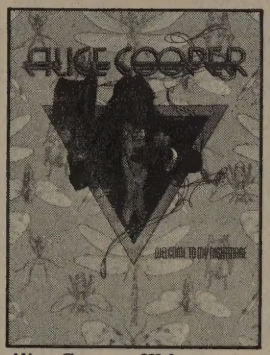
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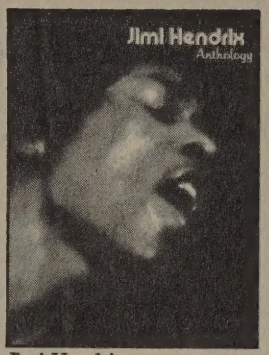
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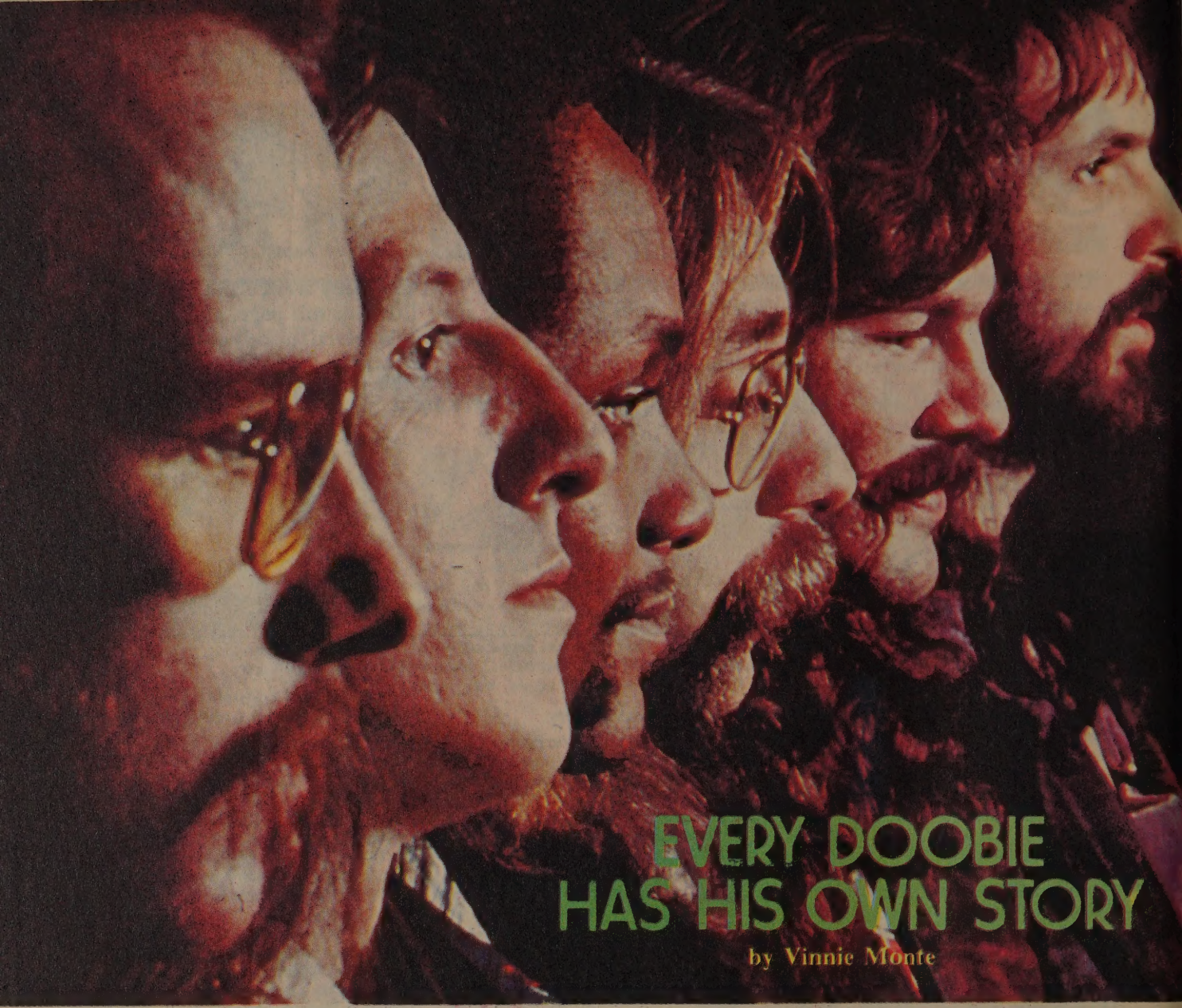
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EVERY DOOBIE HAS HIS OWN STORY

by Vinnie Monte

What do you do once you've reached certified status as one of the Big Name Groups? Move out of San Jose and into Marin County? Have the name of your band tatooed in Gothic script on your right arm, buy real estate in downtown San Francisco and take well-earned Hawaiian vacations; wrap up the smoke bombs for the next tour and hope they won't get wet?

All of the above, easily. And if you happen to be the Doobie Bros., you'll even find time to record your finest album *(Stampede)* with a brand new line-up of Bros. In fact, not the least of *Stampede's* triumphs is the fact that the album, by far the most adventurous Doobie Bros. set to date, was conceived and created by six musicians who've existed as a permanent band less than nine months.

"When I joined this band, I was looking to play with a group that was greater than the sum of its parts, a band where all the energy was focused towards the center, instead of one guy wanting to be a star." The explanation is Jeff "Skunk" Baxter's, resident guitarist, composer, thinker, the newest Doobie Brother. Baxter is so recent an addition, in fact, he doesn't even show up on the front cover of *Stampede.* But he fits. Having prowled around the edges of the group for years (guesting on a recent European tour, playing pedal steel on all six of the group's albums), his departure from Steely Dan to join the Doobies seemed like a foregone conclusion.

"The problem with Steely Dan simply boiled down to them not wanting to go on the road," Baxter explains, fresh from *Stampede* sessions. "I felt that to be a successful group you have to expose your music to as many people as you can. There was a division in the band; some guys agreed and wanted to go on the road, and some didn't. So we parted ways. Everybody's on good terms, that's just what happened. I went with the Doobies on their European tour just for the hell of it. Things started clicking and the next thing you know I was a full-time member..."

If there's no horse for Skunk to ride across the cover on, he makes his presence known in the music inside *Stampede,* providing some abrasive soloing on Pat Simmons' "Neal's Fandango" and coloring the space between "I Cheat the Hangman" and "Rainy Day Crossroad Blues" with a soft acoustic interlude, "Precis."

Keith Knudsen's entry into the group preceded Baxter's. If the drummer's arrival year was less widely reported, it certainly wasn't lacking in drama.

Newly arrived in California with another, since disbanded group, the thin, mustachioed Knudsen just happened to be in Doobies manager Bruce Cohn's Marin County office last year the day his predecessor, Michael Hossack, called to inform Cohn he was leaving the band. The decision, revealed on the eve of a six-week tour, put Cohn in something of a bind; thinking fast, he cupped the phone, turned to Knudsen and asked, "can you learn the Doobies' book and be ready to go on the road in

five days?"

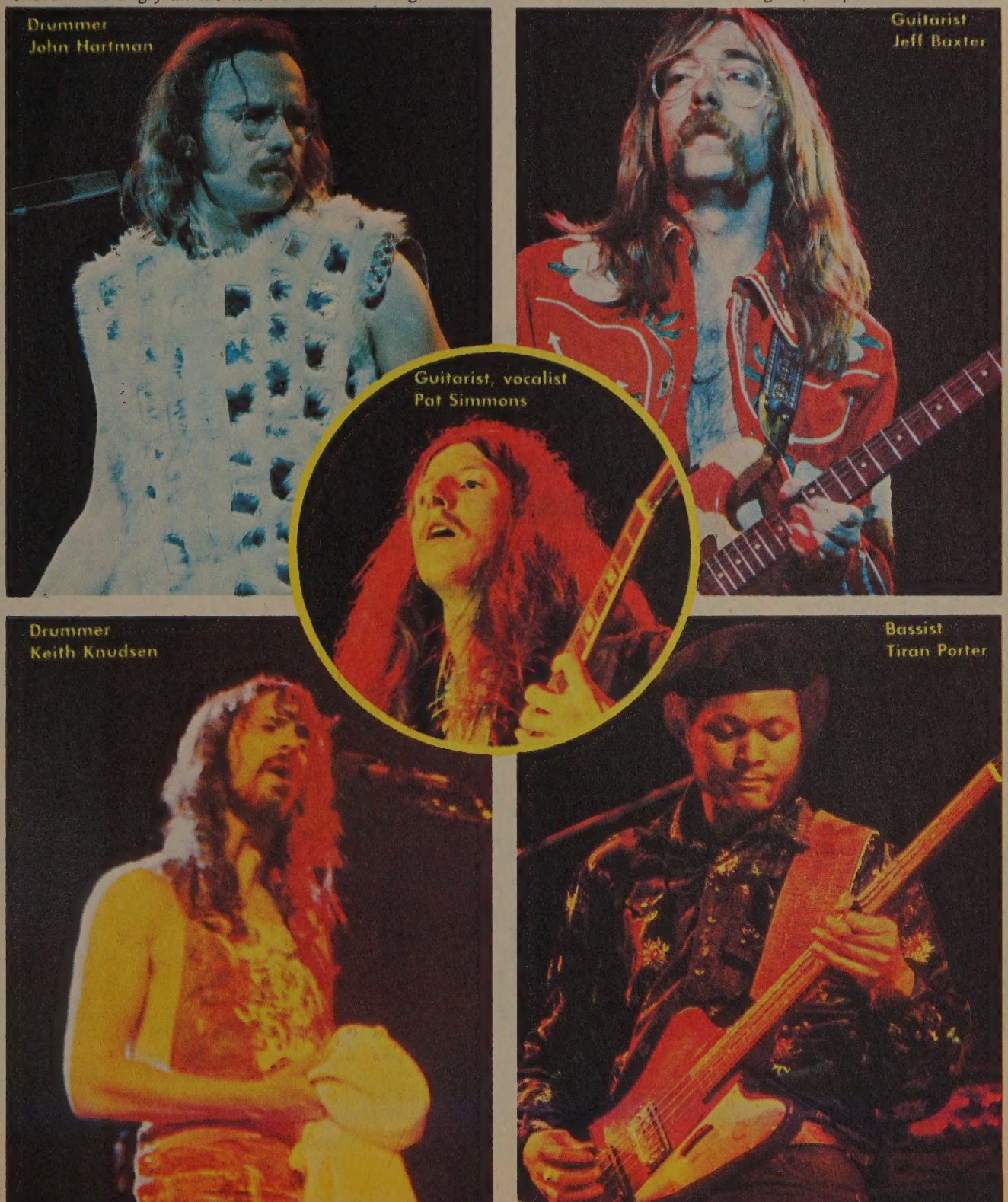
Knudsen, a veteran of considerable experience with Lee Michaels and the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils, rose to the occasion; he signed on, made the tour and has been half of the Doobies' double drum team ever since, a state of affairs which more than pleases his partner, Little John Hartman.

"Michael and I were two different kinds of drummers," Hartman, some 75 pounds lighter but still big enough to wear his official title with some irony, explains. "I came off the street and had never had any formal training. Michael did. We had a lot of hassles; Michael did most of the tracks in the studio and I tended to be angry all the time so our producer shied away from me

"It's more equal now and there's more of an understanding between Keith and me than there ever was with Michael." The new team's compatibility is evident all over *Stampede,* from the breathless gallop of "Sweet Maxine" to the steady pulse beating beneath the group's remake of the old Kim Weston hit, "Take Me in Your Arms" (on which Hartman and Knudsen are accompanied by veteran Motown percussionist Bobbye Hall Porter on congas).

Tiran Porter has traded in the football jersey that saw him through *What Were Once Vices ... Stampede* finds the bassist extraordinaire sporting a leather vest, handling a milk white steed with finesse. If the new album seems twice as forceful as its predecessors, the effect is not altogether unrelated to Tiran's solid, yet innovative, presence. He's equally impressive underpinning Baxter's glassy lead on the shuffle, "Double Dealin' Four Flusher" or improvising a gentle countercurrent to the acoustic rhythm of "Rainy Day Crossroad Blues."

As usual, Tom Johnston and Pat Simmons are represented by the bulk of the writing on *Stampede.* The set opener, "Sweet Maxine," is a solid Johnston-Simmons collaboration. If the energetic rocker flames with sparks off "China Grove," it shouldn't be taken as an indication that *Stampede* is anything less than original, a point Johnston has





Simmons, Porter, Baxter



definite opinions on.

"You have to change," he said recently "... can't keep putting out the same stuff."

"The new album represents a giant departure. I hope everybody is going to like it. They may not like it, but they may go bananas."

To the end of driving hardcore Doobies fans "bananas," Johnston and cohorts have spared no expense. While *Stampede* offers as much straightahead hardrocking as any fan could want, on cuts like "Sweet Maxine," "I Been Workin' On You" and the Motown out-

ing "Take Me In Your Arms," its quieter moments seem better thought out, more effectively integrated, than before. Simmons' delicate "I Cheat the Hangman" is as stunning a mood piece as the Doobies have ever done; his brisk instrumental "Slat Key Soquel Rag" provides the perfect accent to close *Stampede's* first side. Both tunes came from the same pen that wrote the band's most recent hit single, "Black Water."

Simmons' acceptance as a 'hit' songwriter furnishes the group with extra advantages; for one thing, it relieves Johnston of the burden. "I'm really glad Pat's finally written a hit," Johnston laughs. "I've been feeling bad about it for a couple of years now!"

As if group contributions weren't enough, the Doobies brought in a number of outside talents to help make *Stampede* the special accomplishment it is. Not the least of the guest artists is Curtis Mayfield, who arranged strings and horns on Johnston's "Music Man" and provided Curtom's Chicago studios for part of the sessions. Maria Muldaur sings with Pat Simmons on "I Cheat the Hangman", bottleneck guitarist Ry Cooder embellishes "Rainy Day Crossroad Blues" and Little Feat's Bill Payne contributes the lively honky tonk piano to "Double Dealin' Four Flusher."

While *Stampede* stands as the latest audible evidence that the Doobies are alive and well in '75, ambitious future plans indicate they'll be busier than ever. As soon as the band's current Hawaiian holiday ends, Tom, Pat, Jeff, Tiran, Little John and Keith will head back into the studio to begin recording their sixth album. By then Jeff Baxter will have returned from his guest shot with Elton John at England's prestigious Wembley Festival ("Skunk" was invited by Old Pink Eyes himself when the pianist sat in with the Doobies on the last date of their English tour earlier this year). August signaled a return to the road as group undertook a concert tour of the East Coast. □





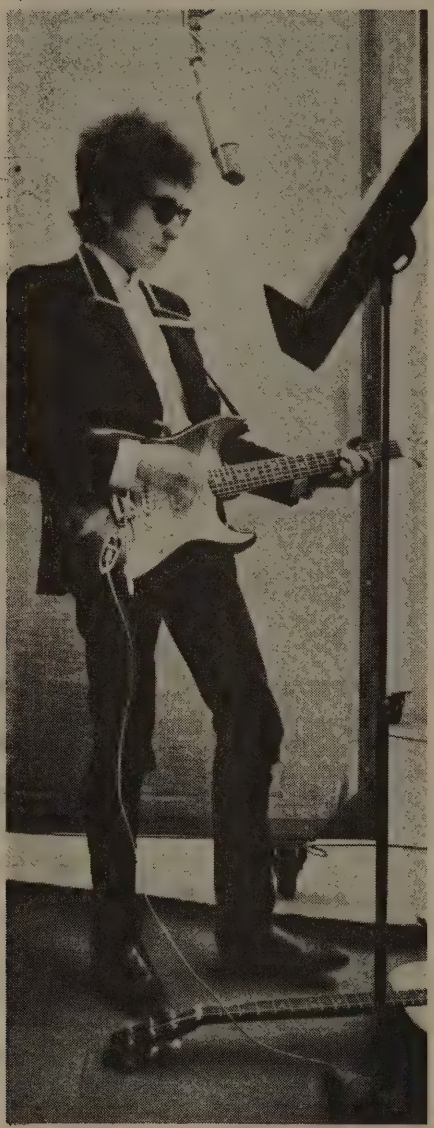
The Doobies ... different energies into one sound.

RECORDS

by Lenny Kaye

The Basement Tapes

Bob Dylan and The Band
(Columbia 33682)



Forgive the old pic. Some of us just can't forget those good old days...

Recorded between June and October, 1967, in the upstate New York house known as Big Pink, *The Basement Tapes* have hung as an unexplained shadow over the work of Bob Dylan and the Band since they were first converted from rumor into fact by their unauthorized bootleg release in 1969. Like the so-called "missing years" of Jesus and Cleopatra, their conjecture and analysis has lasted in far greater proportion than their apparent mystery would suggest, and if their official debut some eight years later serves to clarify anything, it is that they are likely more important as Rosetta Stone than Dead Sea Scrolls; i.e. translation over illumination. Alternately playful and serious, as much nonsense as precise sense, the album shows Dylan and the Band toying with themselves and their music, stretching and exploring in friendly give-or take fashion, and the fact that it speaks so directly to us today only reflects on its inner strengths and indelible residues.

It is impossible to talk of *The Basement Tapes* without taking into account their historical perspective. If the early electric Dylan could be greeted with shouts of "Judas!" at a London concert in 1965 ("I don't be*leeve* you," he replied before segueing into "Like A Rolling Stone"), then by the end of the following year there was no question he had formidably won the war. He had also, unfortunately, fell victim to his own intense passion, spitting out *Blonde On Blonde* in a haze of onrushing imagery only to (symbolically as well as literally) come to a screeching halt after a serious, near-fatal motorcycle accident.

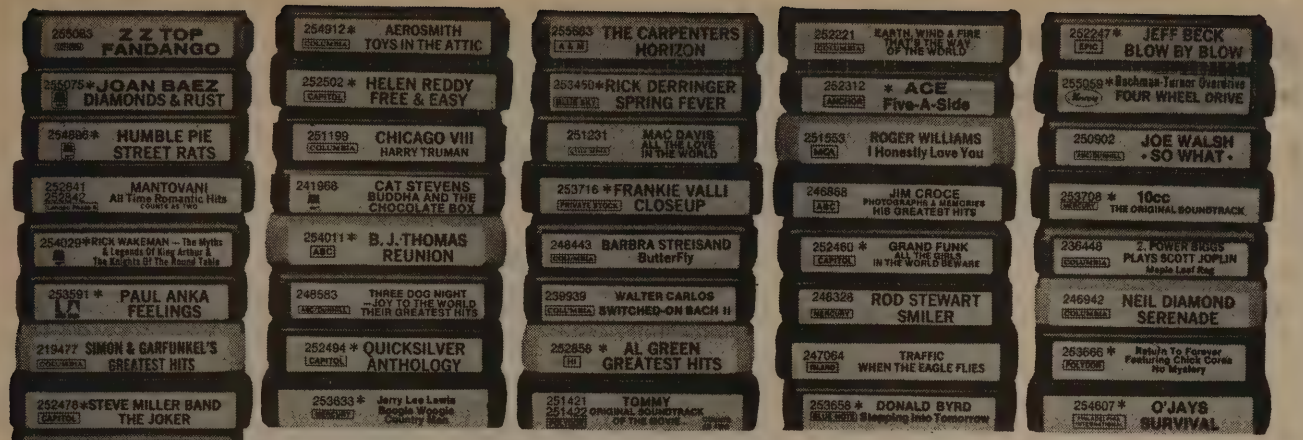
The brush with death did more than force Dylan to take a rest. It also brought him to a re-evaluation of his self and his art, resulting in a withdrawal from normal pop society at precisely that moment when his leadership was most recognized and called upon. The enigma of Dylan during this period was so great that two years later, despite his gradual re-emergence through *John Wesley Harding* and *Nashville Skyline,* a rock festival was practically held in his honor (Woodstock), followed only a few short months later by the appearance of the underground *Great White Wonder,* containing the first concrete hints of what *The Basement Tapes* might augur.

The tapes themselves were originally intended only as demo selections, to be transcribed for copyright purposes and, in selected cases (Manfred Mann and "The Mighty Quinn"), to be offered to other artists and the public-at-large. Thus the arrangements on most are sketchy, a mere vehicle for chords and choruses, and Dylan inserts lyrics seemingly at will, obviously still working on the songs themselves. The Band selections were not as casually approached, meant to be used for record company demos ("Yazoo Street Scandal") and as a means of establishing the group's own identity. Several would eventually show up on the Band's debut album, *Music From Big Pink,* including "Tears of Rage" and "This Wheel's On Fire".

Over the years, much of *The Basement Tapes* has filtered surreptitiously into the mainstream of American music, either in cover versions (Fairport Convention handily took on "Million Dollar Bash"; "The Sidewinders"; "Down In The Flood") or their own under - the - table circulation. Thus it's not an unfamiliar album we're presented with here, though compared with usual twelfth-generation tape copies, the sudden distinct fidelity is somewhat of a pleasant surprise. More, the abrupt humor and asides present a much less meditated picture than might have been expected; most of the cuts to legitimately surface have been the more serious ones, the heartfelt moan of "Tears of Rage" mated by the ribald, almost seductive "Please, Mrs. Henry". Instead, the tracks which strike home to me are those which depend on their momentary immediacy, the quasi-sophomoric "Apple Suckling Tree", the conversational "Lo And Behold", any number of informal others.

Dylan would eventually leave this music for the sparer confines of country and western, but not before *The Basement Tapes* fulfilled their ineffable function of freeing his ambition. Dylan - as - rocker was the culmination of a journey he'd begun back in Minnesota when he ascended a talent contest stage to blitz a piano into Little Richard smithereens. Strengthened, forced by his convalescence to recognize the scope of his freedom, *The Basement Tapes* worked out a necessary transition that perhaps needed to wait until this moment to reveal its intricacies.

Several weeks ago, I had the coincidental privilege of walking into a Bleecker St. bar called the Other End to witness a quite off-the-cuff recital by the dog Himself. Singing to the receptive gaze of long-time compatriot Bobby Neuwirth, Dylan casually unveiled several new songs, one about Joey Gallo (" ... child of clay"), another about marrying himself to Isis, all sung with the semi-public vigor and enthusiasm that marks *The Basement Tapes.* He would chuckle after verses, deliver especially pungent lines with a gleamed inner expectation of their power, looking to be enjoying himself no end. I can almost hear that flair on *The Basement Tapes,* a refill of the glasses and a "what's next?" to start the recorder rolling again. Here, how about this 'un...□



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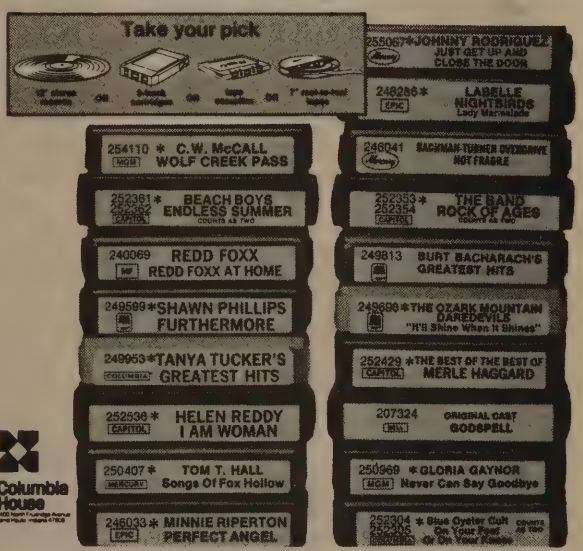
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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

by Lisa Robinson

The Ooo thrive on this kind of publicity," Roger Daltrey said about the controversial Townshend Daltrey stories that appeared recently in the British rock newspaper New Musical Express, "they're the only band that does and they always have. I mean I guess if Pete feels these things then 'e should say 'em, but 'e should say it's 'is problem and not the Ooo's problem. I thought 'is interview was awfully negative, didn't you."

Have you talked to him since your interview appeared? "Noooo ...I've got a letter in me back pocket, but I 'aven't opened it yet. It's probably the sack!" Roger laughed.

All this (and more) took place at La Cabana restaurant in New York City where yet another party for Roger Daltrey was held. Earlier on that day he'd given — of all things — a press conference, because his "heavy schedule" prevented him from keeping several interview appointments. Maybe Roger was just tired of saying the same things over and over to various reporters, and they figured it would be better to get it all out at once. His remarks at the press conference, as well as his recent interviews and statements regarding his career, The Who, whatever — while abundant, have proven to many astonished reporters that Roger Daltrey is *not* a moron. What does seem strange, however, is that Daltrey *is* being treated as a *major superstar* this time around. Who would have thunk it? And all because of that deaf, dumb, and blind kid. It certainly didn't help his solo lp (which is what all this promotional activity is about) nor his forthcoming film, nor the rumoured U.S. fall tour of The Who. Will that still be on, I wondered, with all these darts flying back and forth? "Of course," Roger asserted, "Don't you worry ... It'll probably be in the U.S. in November ... yeah."

Wearing a white Indian shirt, jeans, and sneakers, and being very blonde and very tan, Roger greeted celebs such as Helen Gurley Brown (founder and editor of "Cosmopolitan" magazine; could she be after Roger to do a centerfold?) When last heard of, Roger was so mobbed in a record store where he went to sign albums that he had to be taken back in his limousine.



Steve Morley

The show must go on. At least that's what Uriah Heep's Mick Box seems to think, and to prove it Mick is out on tour with Heep with his right arm in a cast from thumb to elbow. Mick fractured his arm and wrist in three places during a Heep concert, and despite doctor's advice to the contrary Mick hasn't missed a performance.





Wendi Lombardi

Although the Rascals are now only a memory in the golden annals of rock and roll, Felix Cavaliere plays on, continuing to make the kind of bouncy, full blooded music that marked the Rascals later efforts. Felix's first solo album attracted interest and his second lp, *Destiny,* was released this summer and featured not only Felix but backup help from several talented stars including Todd Rundgren, Leslie West, Dino Danelli, and Laura Nyro.

Bruce Springsteen's sold out engagement at New York's Bottom Line was unparalleled in terms of hysteria, excitement, lines around the block, and the smug faces of the CBS Records executives who act like they have suddenly discovered they have Something On Their Hands. In all fairness, they probably felt that they were sitting on The New Dylan (your degree of anticipation towards this accolade depends on how much you like the Old One) or The Saviour of Rock, for a while now — but Bruce's appearance was treated as the Event of the season.

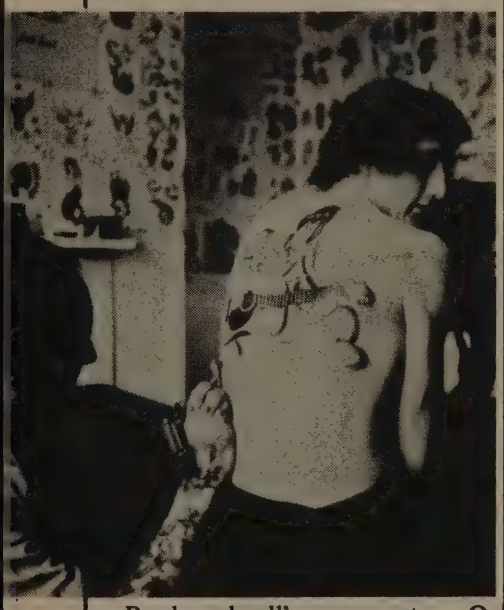
Seven hundred kids (or thereabouts) lined up nightly to buy standing room tickets, of which there were about fifty, the performances all having been sold out in advance. Bruce's new album, titled "Born To Run", and produced by noted rock critic Jon ("I have seen the rock and roll future and his name is Bruce Springsteen") Landau, was just about set for release. The orders even then for the album were



Steve Morley

phenomenal. The audience at the Bottom Line cheered, clapped, stamped, screamed, and stood for nearly every song. Two numbers from the new lp were included in the live repertoire: "She's The One" a great rocker, combination of "Magic Bus" and Bo Diddley riffs; and "Born To Run" — the title track of the album. Bruce played guitar and sang with his band which consists of Miami Steve van Zandt on guitar, Clarence Clemons on saxophone, Roy Bitten ("The Professor") on piano, Gary. W. Tallent on bass, Mighty Max Weinberg - drums, Danny Federici, on organ, and Springsteen sat in on piano during "Thunder Road" — the only ballad of the evening.

As much of the material was familiar to the crowd (including "The E Street Shuffle" with the lines "Teenage tramps/in skintight pants/do the E street dance") ovations, as well as the feelings of participation, were tremendous. One suspects that there was a healthy contingent of travelers from Springsteen's Asbury Park, New Jersey community. Bruce has described Asbury Park as "the place to go when you don't have enough gas to get to Atlantic City", for every time he even so much as mentioned "the Shore" or New Jersey, there was much hysterical screaming.



Rock and roll's gonna get ya. Or if not you, at least it seems to have gotten David New, a young man from England who is shown in this shot getting the cover of Don McLean's *Playing Favorites* album tattooed on his back. New recently quit his job so he could accompany McLean on his British tour. New's preoccupation with McLean has resulted in the dissolution of his marriage. "My wife got fed up with me playing his records all the time." New owns two copies of every single and album Don has ever recorded.



The departure of Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson hasn't stopped Mott The Hoople. Now known simply as Mott, the band has spent the past year reorganizing and after a four month search has added two new members: Ray Major and Nigel Benjamin. 20 year old Nigel was recommended to the band by Mick Ralphs, Motts original guitarist and now with Bad Company, after Mick saw Nigel at London's Marquee club. While Nigel is doing the singing, Mott's new guitarist will be Ray Major. Ray was Mott's original choice to replace Ralphs but contractual problems made it impossible until recently. Mott have been working on their album at Clearwell Castle in Gloucestershire, England using Ronnie Lanes Mobile studios and have set tours of the U.S. and England. Pictured in the current line-up are left to right Morgan Fisher, Dale Griffin, Benjamin, Major, and Overend Watts.

RITCHIE BLACKMORE
across the rainbow from Munich to Malibu

by Richard Robinson

The legend printed below graces the white sticker that's stuck on every cop of the first *Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow* album:

RITCHIE BLACKMORE,
explosive guitarist,
one of the founders
and driving forces of
the rock supergroup
DEEP PURPLE,
moves into a totally
new musical spectrum:
RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S
RAINBOW.



The sticker outlines the situation: Ritchie Blackmore has quit Deep Purple after seven successful years to form his own band. It doesn't explain why Blackmore has gone out on his own; and there's no indication of the possible repercussions of one of the biggest bands in the world losing a founding member and talented lead guitarist. But then the sticker seems an afterthought; it sits there on the shrink wrap, obscuring a bit of the rainbow that spans the cover, a concession to record merchandising.

I spoke to Ritchie Blackmore about Deep Purple and Rainbow. He was in Los Angeles, attending to the business involved in the release of the Rainbow album, and I got the impression that Rainbow, win or lose, has revitalized his love for rock and roll.

Our conversation began with Deep Purple. He and Jon Lord first created attention with a cover of Billy Joe Royal's "Hush" in 1968, then, with an album called *Deep Purple In Rock*, they began a success story that was phenomenal. Deep Purple became one of the biggest bands in the world, selling millions of albums on a world-wide basis, and remained successful into the mid-1970's. Blackmore is frank about his departure from the band: "There were too many directions in the band — all of us became too egotistical, including myself. It became like a five way battle on stage. Which is good, sometimes, but there wasn't too much unity in the band at the end. There were no rehearsals and the writing was getting very scrappy in the end. I like rock and medieval music, one extreme to the other. Ian Paice, the drummer, is into funk and jazz. Jon was just into classical. It was just that there were too many diverse things happening."

Seven years is a long time to hold a rock and roll band together. He says, "We had a good run for our money." It's interesting that Blackmore says this wasn't the first time he wanted to leave the band. "I had thought about leaving before, when Ian Gillian was leaving, because I got tired of things very quickly. I stayed on because we got a new singer and a new bass player. Those were the only reasons I stayed on. I was going to leave with him and I think Roger Glover was going to carry on the band with Jon, but that was back a couple of years ago, and then the other two joined and it was good for about a year and a half and then it started to wear off. I change musical directions quite often, so I'm to blame more than they are."

I ask if there was a period of emotional strain in leaving.

"Oh yeah," he says, "I mean the thing I'm doing now is purely a chance thing. I mean there's a million bands around so who knows. But I was willing to sacrifice that for honesty. I thought we weren't being honest and we used to get together and throw an lp together and hope it would sell and it would. But I think that



Neal Preston



was really cheating the public and ourselves, because there was no real thought behind it. It was the next lp which I couldn't really do.

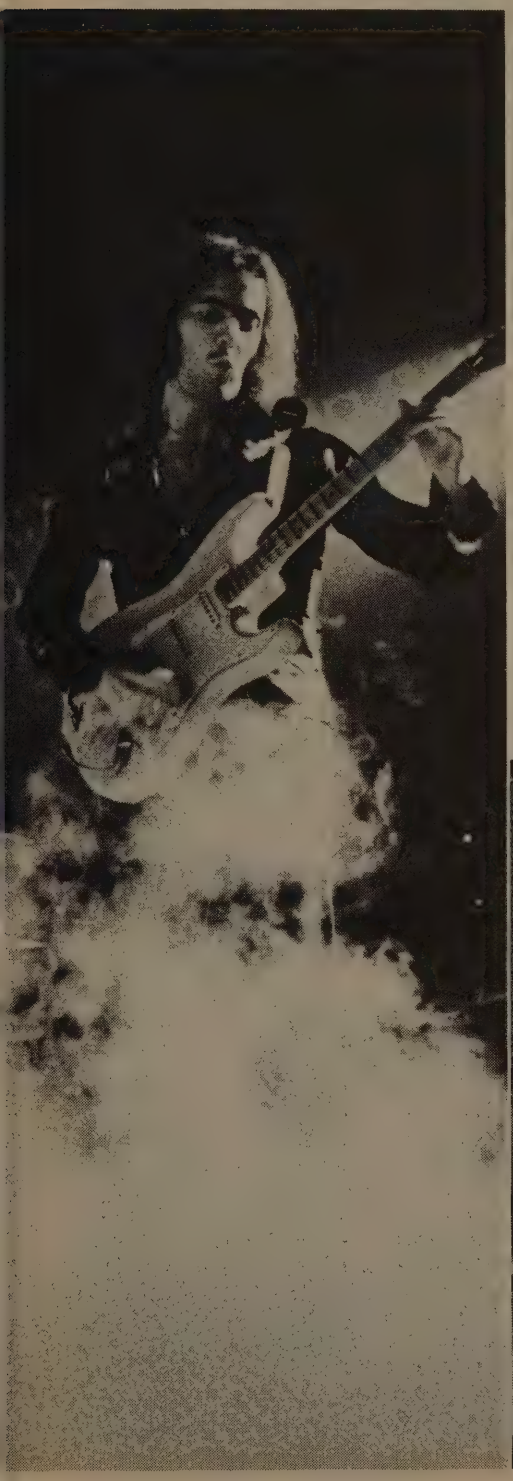
"I think the group is very good on stage but it was very hard to get songs together in the studio because I'm not that good a writer, but then nobody else was really writing that much, so it was a question of I had to do something and that gets kind of hard sometimes."

Along comes Rainbow. Rainbow started simply enough, Blackmore heard a singer, Ronnie James Dio, and decided to do a single. He used session men and things went so well it turned into an album. All this happened in Munich, Germany in February 1975. "We did the lp and then I stayed there and did the German and French tour with Deep Purple, then I came back, and we had about three months off and then I started getting

together the personnel for going on the road."

Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow is the name of the band, at present. Blackmore intends to drop his name once the band gets going. "I put my name to it so that people who want to know where I am, will know. If it ever gets off the ground I want to drop my name because it's a band, it's not just me." Blackmore is certainly the selling point of Rainbow, at least for now, as the sticker on Rainbow's first album (Polydor PD6049) will attest. Rainbow's complete line-up includes Ronnie James Dio (vocals), Gary Driscoll (drums), Craig Gruber (bass guitar), and Mickey Lee Soule (keyboards).

Blackmore could just as easily have become 'Ritchie Blackmore And The Blanks'. "It's not me to be a solo person," he says. "I like to be in a band where I can play off of other people. I'd hate to be out front just playing all on my own as a guitarist. That's why I'm not really into just guitarists. I'd rather have a good singer and hear a good band. I like to entertain people, not just play music to other musicians — because musicians aren't the world, I mean they don't buy your records. I certainly don't buy records. If I want to play just guitar music I'll go down to the local club and jam for a few hours. But I don't think you can do that all the time unless you are some kind of a genius on the guitar or something. I just like to be in a band."



Our conversation drifts from Rainbow to his personal life as a musician. "I've been living in Germany for as many years of my life as I lived in England. I like the spirit there. I mean it may sound funny, but to have so many brilliant composers come from there one being Bach, and the first lp is inspired by him, really. The influence is only very subtle. It's still hard rock but a lot of the changes are classical progressions rather than the usual 12 bar things."

I ask about the studio where the album was recorded, Musicland. "It's very good. The Stones were in there doing their lp and a couple of other big people right before we went in. Most of the big bands are catching on to this studio. It's in Munich and it's all part of a hotel complex which makes it very handy. It's in the basement. Germany has got a lot of good things going electronically. They make most of the parts which the American people use, really, most of the heads and the tape recorders and things like that. It's just that they don't have the engineers. I took my own, Martin Birch who does all the Purple stuff."

What's the local rock and roll scene like in Germany? "The German's aren't too rhythmical. They've got it together as far as keyboards and guitar playing, but bass and drums they lack what the Americans and English have. It's more spacey type of music. Like Kraftwerk and all that business, they aren't into hard rock. They are more into kind of the Pink Floyd thing."

From Munich, Blackmore has gone to live in Los Angeles. "When you come to Hollywood you've got to realize that everyone's mad. Once you know that then you are alright and you'll never believe anybody. I basically keep to myself out of LA, I live on the beach up past Malibu."

I remind him that starting at the bottom again with a new band is nice when you've got a place in Malibu to start with. "I'm accustomed to living well," he says, "but if we live well, we might live badly, who knows. But I'm quite prepared to live the way I used to live before I joined Deep Purple. It's another challenge. I would be very easy to go on with Purple, sit back and go on and make a few more lps and make a lot of money. But it all boils down to this honesty stuff, I mean I just thought that we were taking the people for a ride. I thought that I've got to get out and prove that I can do better. All the time I had wanted to be better than before, and I hope to do better with this band. I liked some of the things we did with Purple, on stage I thought we were good — some of the records lacked a few things though and I'm just trying to get better at my own expense, really, because it could backfire in my face. It's a chance I want to take.

"The first few gigs will be very, very small — we want to get back to the smaller gigs and see what the audience's reaction is because when you have a new band there are so many things that can go wrong, you can have something brilliant in the studio and once you get on stage it might not work at all. I like a band to be good both on stage and in the studio."□



Fin Costello



PATTI SMITH
The High Priestess Of Rock And Roll

by Lisa Robinson

Raymond le Fourchette

"Singing is such a monstrous responsibility, it's such an honor to me ... I always thought of myself as a writer and poet."

(There is going to be alot of talk about Patti Smith in the coming months, but as early as a year ago when Hit Parader held this preliminary conversation with her, she seemed as strong and determined as she does today. With her debut album completed, and the scheduling of an upcoming national tour, Patti looked fearlessly into the eye of fame and artistic opportunity and found herself ready. So be it. Her band has now expanded to four members, comprising guitarists Lenny Kaye and Ivan Kral, pianist Richard Sohl, and drummer Jay Dee Daugherty, and the experience of performing regularly including an epic two month stand at New York's Bowery-front CBGB's, has honed the group into a sparkling machine. Perhaps Patti explains herself best in her poem, "Notice": "...without mother, gender, or country, who attempts to bleed from the word a system, a space base..." - Ed.)

* * * * * * *

"I don't want to do a record unless it's fantastic and will really do something to people," Patti Smith told me awhile ago. "Why should I? There's no reason ... to make a few thousand? I mean I could make a few thousand dollars other ways, I'm a good hustler. I'm real proud of my name even though it's just Smith and I haven't done that much, but most of what I've done is real good and I don't ever want to do a lousy thing."

Well - in New York, where it is considered by most of us as the most arresting / compelling /important current musical phenomenon around, her recording contract has been a long time coming for those of us who have grown up with Patti the past five years. Her talent is formidable, the ways she's chosen to express it has developed along the lines of rock and roll and poetry, and it's hard not to be somewhat emotional about someone who can still move you. It doesn't happen *that* often.

Patti came to New York via New Jersey via Philadelphia where she got hooked on rock and roll at the age of six. "I was in my clubhouse smoking punk ... I was real 'heavy' when I was six, I had my own gang and everything. I had this eye-patch and kids used to be scared of me because they thought I had an evil eye. I had a cast eye and it used to go up in my head and it was creepy looking. So even though I had this eye patch I was about ten pounds and had duck feet and plaid glasses ... Anyway, this boy who had an RCA victrola said wait til you hear this, and it was "The Girl Can't Help It" by Little Richard. My mouth just dropped, it was instant recognition, it really got me below the belt. The only thing I had ever heard was Gale Storm singing "Ivory Tower". Yeah, Little Richard got my mind at six and it never stopped, it was just one thing after another."

"I never really liked the white stuff, it embarrassed me. I hated the look of the 1950's ... girls would wear big crinolines and lipstick and I thought it was so dumb. I didn't want to be a girl because they wore those Elvis charm bracelets and I couldn't get into that. I had a complete Davy Crockett outfit, I was a relentless tomboy..."

But I was real impressionable about art - even at an early age. I was real self conscious about being skinny, and I had one teacher who said I shouldn't be. She took me to the school library - she was real neat - and she showed me the Modligiani's and she said I looked like an El Greco, or the Blue Period or Modligiani, and it was the first time I could relate to something physical. I really was tormented, because I was so skinny. When we got weighed in gym class I used to put locks in my pockets ... With a lower class upbringing, it was real desirable to have big tits and a big ass, and I wanted boys to like me. But they didn't - they liked me as a pal."

"Even though I was a real homely kid and creepy I was a happy child, because I had this feeling that I was going to go beyond my body physical, even when I was in South Jersey or Philly — I just knew it. Even when I was five years old I was kind of waiting ... I was a very impatient, restless kid, and I knew it was a waste ... I was just waiting to get bigger so I could get this stuff out."

Patti eventually came to New York at a tender age but with an experienced set of emotions. She says she had no place to go, tried a teacher's college in Glassboro, New Jersey, had a baby, gave it up for adoption, worked in a record pressing plant in Philadelphia, got laid off and then - with 16 dollars, she bought some art supplies and got on a train and came to New York. "There was so much inside of me ... I always had these rhythms, but I didn't know what to do with them. It's like that line Artaud said, about a white tiger clawing to get out of him. I always felt there was something good to get out of my body, but I was constipated in a way. Even though I was a real homely kid and creepy I was a happy child, because I had this feeling that I was going to go beyond my body physical, even when I was in South Jersey or Philly — I just knew it. Even when I was five years old I was kind of waiting ... I was a very impatient, restless kid, and I knew it was a waste ... I was just waiting to ge bigger so I could get this stuff out. Then finally I got bigger and that's why I was so frustrated a few years ago, because I felt it coming but I wasn't ready."

"When I came to New York people immediately accepted me in the sense that I was anonymous. And I liked that, you know sometimes in South Jersey I wouldn't get served in a restaurant; and I never understood it - because I wasn't that conscious of myself. Image .... I would wear black turtlenecks because I



"All my toughness comes out of my desire to be cool and be accepted by cool people. Basically I'm shy....



Judy Linn



liked it. I never tried to look any way for shock value or anything like that, But I always would affect people in a certain way. I never premeditated what people would think ... you know like, 'I'm really going to get them up the ass with this thing' ... Then I came to New York and nobody paid attention."

"I went to Brooklyn first because Pratt was there and I thought it was like Montparnasse, I could look at all the art students. I was really into that, I was reading all these artists biographies ... Brancusi, Modigliani, and they all had mistresses; my idea was to be a mistress..." Patti met Robert Maplethorpe, a poverty - stricken artist who was going to school, she started working in Scribner's bookstore and as she put it, "he started teaching me, he taught me how to direct my energy. I was a victim of intense nervousness, ... hallucinations, manic energy and I didn't know what to do with it."

After a trip to Paris (which included, among other things, Patti singing on the street, working with a fire-eater...) she and Robert decided it was time for them to show their art to the world, which, in those 1960 days meant coming to New York City and moving into the Chelsea, for a start. "William Burroughs was there, and Gregory Corso, and the Jefferson Airplane and Janis and Matthew Reich who was also an early influence on me, and it was really a good time. It was time for us to strike out on our own ... Robert as an artist, and I had been writing some of my poetry. At this time I was writing alot of poems in a little orange notebook, and I was writing my Brian Jones poem; of course they were rock and roll oriented because they were about Brian, and I would write them in the rhythm of the Stones music.

I wasn't trying to be 'innovative' - I was just doing what I thought was right, and being true to Brian. And one day I was walking across the lobby and this guy said, 'hey kid, where did you learn to walk like that' ... I turned around and it was this guy in dark glasses and a dark suit, and I've always been a sucker for guys in dark glasses, and I said, "I learned that from "Don't Look Back" '. He started laughing ... it was Bobby Neuwirth and he said, 'come here, what do you have in that notebook?' I said 'nothing', and I was *really* into acting tough but I was instantly and totally in love.

I had just had my hair cut like Keith Richards and Bobby looked in my book and asked me who wrote that stuff and I told him I did ... I think he immediately recognized something in me that I didn't even recognize in myself, and he immediately took me under his wing. In the space of four days I think I had met every rock and roll star in New York through Bobby. And of course, I was acting real unimpressed then because, well - I think because I thought I was going to make it in the art world, and also I was so crazy over him..."

"You know - I've been interviewed a dozen times about this ... people always ask me why I have this tough, swaggering image, and now I remember. It was to keep up with Bobby. He'll always be cool - but then, *then* he was the last vestiges of the 60's cool which really got me by the heart. He tried to open all these doors for me, and get my stuff published and he was the one who really pushed me into writing poetry and kept inspiring me to keep the music in the poetry, he said we needed a poet."

The first public "thing" Patti did was a poetry reading at St. Mark's Church, "Seventh Heaven" was a small book published afterwards. Patti has said that poets never had anything to do with her "getting anywhere"; it was all people like Danny Goldberg who published her poems in a rock magazine, and Bobby, and people in the muic business ... "The Chelsea opened up a whole new thing for me, the rock and roll thing, and then William Burroughs being there. Bobby got me into being able to say yes, I'm a writer, and then Burroughs showed me whole new tunnels to fall through ... He was so neat, he would walk around in this big black cashmere overcoat and this old hat. So of course Patti gets an old black hat and coat and we would walk around the Chelsea together looking like that.

"I just want to do great stuff because there is so much mediocre stuff being done. I would rather be a great thief, you know ... I was a great book clerk at Scribner's, I was one of the best salesgirls they ever had, and I felt really proud doing that. I don't like being half assed in anything."

I'm moving hard now, because I know I can do it."

Of course he was never too crazy about women, but I guess he liked me because I looked like a boy. And all the time Bobby would be pushing me, then I met Steve Paul and he saw me perform. I don't think he understood it, but he understands applause, he wasn't too crazy about the poetry. But Bobby helped make that St. Mark's reading *(February 10, 1971 - L.R.)* an event. I just had a feeling then — Robert was into the Jet Set by then and he brought Scavullo and all those people, and Lenny Kaye brought you guys and Lou Reed, and Bobby brought all the pickers and the rock and roll people, and it was really a neat cross section of people. It was again that flash that something was going to happen."

"You know, it's hard to say stuff like this, but I've always wanted to give something. I was so lonely in South Jersey, and I was so in love with anything that made me happy. And I wanted so much to be a rock writer, I used to devour those magazines ...but then I wrote for Rock Magazine and I got fired, because they told me "we can't put our finger on it, but your stuff is weird...' and I never was trying to be weird, that's just the way it came out."

After the St. Mark's reading, everyone was instantly excited about Patti in the avant-garde / underground / hip sect of the "music biz". Steve Paul thought perhaps she could be the Barbra Streisand of the 70's. (Of course who knew Bette Midler was right around the corner and Patti was way ahead of all that?) Patti knew, she knew that she didn't want to make a record, not be a pop leather queen anyway, and after an initial flurry of excitement, a few more readings, and lots of articles written about and by her in the "rock press", Patti sort of disappeared.

"I realized at that time I didn't know what I was doing. I knew I wanted to do something, I knew I could read poetry - but I didn't know how to sing. I didn't have the skill ... and so many people were asking me to do things. They wanted me to front the Blue Oyster Cult, everybody was asking me to do stuff, and I just got fucked up. So I went into hiding. I had been through so many shattering experiences, especially with men...Bobby broke me heart, he really did, and I was dispering myself all over New York. So it was the right time for me to just sit down and find out what was going on inside of me — I had been working on the surface for so long. I was never phoney, it's just that I was moving more on an image basis than on a heart or soul basis."

What happened during the time of "hiding" was that Patti became involved in a "domestic" situation with Alan Lanier (Blue Oyster Cult); "It was my decision, I was really trying to be a woman for this guy, he really took care of me and was the first person to support me and to expect me to be faithful and honorable and also wash his socks ... It was a great thing to happen to me, I learned a great deal. I got stronger, I learned humility, and a certain kind of compassion - and I also learned what it meant to be female."

"You know, I always wanted to really learn about being a woman ; because I never really considered the female within me. When I wrote the "Seventh Heaven" book, every poem, the ones about Marianne Faithfull or Edie Sedgwick ... people would ask me if I was a dyke, or

did I love women, but actually, it's all about me. And when you're onstage, it's real important to know every inch of who you are in your body. I read this Suzi Quatro interview — and she's a cute kid and I don't know anything about her really except that she's got a great name. But she said all this stuff like women don't get anywhere as musicians unless they stop thinking about themselves as women. I don't agree with that at all, I think you have to know what you are and who you are physically before you can be a great mover on the stage."

"Basically I'm shy," Patti said - (no surprise to those of us who have watched her through the years, although it's not the projected image), "I mean all my toughness comes out of my desire to be cool and be accepted by cool people. But basically I'm shy and nervous, especially around girls, but I think I've learned how to use all that to my advanage. You should never deny what you are, I've tried to use all that to my advantage. You should never deny what you are, I've tried to use everything I've got to my advantage. I'm still nervous, I'm still awkward, I'm still highstrung. When I was 16 I was horrified by those kinds of deficiencies, but now I can use them as charming aspects; I used to hate being a girl — but now I think I can manipulate people better by being a girl. I can do things on stage that guys couldn't get away with because I'm a chick. People ask me if I feel held down because I'm a girl, not at all ... I feel like I have a certain kind of carte blanche. You know, I can make mistakes, I can tell dumb jokes ... I can hit bad notes, I can get real flustered, but I can get out of a jam. I mean ... could you see Jim Morrison ever doing that?"

"People will be able to be artists without burning themselves out. Without having a real cosmic discussion about it, let's just say I have an optimistic feeling about the future. When I get a chance to talk about it I realize I get sick and nervous and crazy, but I remember what I'm trying to do and what it's all about."

About a year or so ago Patti started to get her music together. She would open for bands like the Dolls or Teenage Lust, and started performing again from scratch. Initially backed only by guitarist Lenny Kaye, then Richard Sohl on piano. Patti did smallish gigs at Le Jardin, Reno Sweeney's, then came Max's Kansas City where this past fall she sang - as well as performing her poetry, for real. "At that Max's job it was like a bird flew out of my mouth or something. I started singing and all of a sudden about halfway through the job I realized that it was a fantastic thing - to be able to sing, but also frightening, because you never think it's



Patti's band is comprised of, (L to R) Jay Dee Daugherty, Ivan Kral, Lenny Kaye and Richard Sohl (who is sitting down in this photo).

going to be able to happen to you. It's such a monstrous responsibility, because it's such an honor to me; even now I still think that music is the highest art, and whereas I always thought of myself as a writer — and poet, I am now honestly starting to think of myself as a singer."

"At first I was trying to sing like my mother, I guess. My mother sang, and I was always crazy about those 40's and 50's white jazz singers like Chris Conner and June Christy, and when I grow up - I mean *really* grow up - that's what I want to do. I mean I won't be able to do 18 minute versions of "Land of 1000 Dances" forever ... I never want to repeat myself or peter out. When I know I'm finished I'll just let the new generation take over and I'll just go into jazz singing."

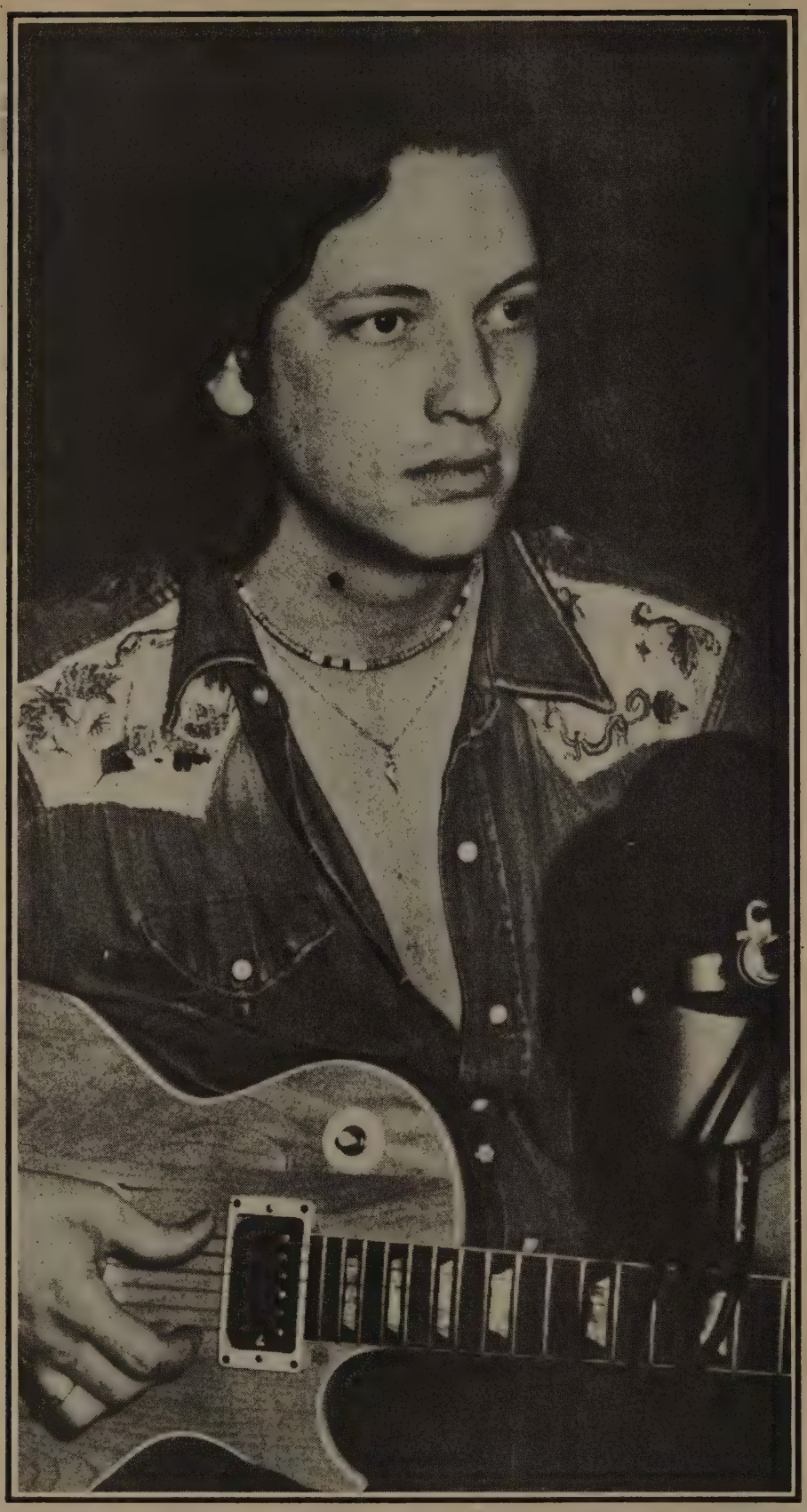
"When I'm performing, I'm conscious of having an effect on people. But when I write - which is alot, and every day, well - it's the one totally uncompromising thing that I do. I don't think of anybody but myself when I write poetry, I try to hit the highest standards that I have within myself. It's the most selfish thing I do, and I don't write it to be published. That's why I'm not published much ... because I think it's bullshit, I'm not that interested in it. I mean someone like Gerard Malanga has 15 books of poetry published and it doesn't mean shit in the face of history. Rimbaud used to sit in cafes with people who had 40 books and he wrote one and a half books and he's considered one of the greatest writers in the world. Quantity doesn't mean anything to me, I really don't have that much desire to get my name plastered or anything ... I get a fantastic feedback from audiences and I like to see my name in print so that's enough ego stuff. When it comes down to writing, well I just get totally down to it. I guess what I'm trying to say is I'm not trying to be a star poet."

"I just want to do great stuff because there is so much mediocre stuff being done. I would rather be a great thief, you know ... I was a great book clerk at Scribner's, I was one of the best salesgirls they ever had, and I felt really proud doing that. I don't like being half assed in anything."

I'm moving hard now, because I know I can do it. To be an artist - within rock and roll ... part of being a great artist is having control. There are rules within art ... and you don't have to be an artist, it's cool to be a star. Jim Morrison probably got the closest to being an artist within rock and roll, I think. I don't know what Hendrix was — he was like some prophet madman. He was like a rock and roll Artaud, because he had some kind of demon within him and he was trying to express it, or find a form for it, but it just swallowed him up like it did to Artaud. I don't want to be like that, I have a real romance about that stuff, and I want to live. I want to be able to do that — hopefully the 1970's and 1980's will be about that; people will be able to be artists without burning themselves out. Without having a real cosmic discussion about it, lets just say I have an optimistic feeling about the future. When I get a chance to talk about it I realize I get sick and nervous and crazy, but I remember what I'm trying to do and what it's all about."

"What I really want to do with my life goes far beyond getting a few reviews here and a record contract there. I'm really history - oriented and I want to be someone. The things I'm writing now are like my first baby projects at merging poetry with rock and roll and feeling like it's the birth of something new. I'm starting to learn about sound as opposed to linear motion with language. It's like pumping blood into words. Poetry goes hand in hand with anemia. Poets are always anemic looking and I just want to pump alot of blood into it - I don't want to get away from poetry ... but there's no reason why the two have to be separated. I think I've proven it with what I do with "Land of 1000 Dances" ... it's totally impossible to distinguish what is poetry from the poetry in that and the rock and roll, they're so integrated. That makes me so happy ... and you know, when I say I want to be somebody, I don't mean just somebody ... 'cause all the kids in my high school know who I am, that was what it was when I was younger. Now, I would really like to be my own best *her*."

She will be. □



JOHN HAMMOND
The Kid Gets Hot

by Lenny Kaye

Wearing an Oakland A's baseball cap, speaking softly in the dusky afternoon of a Bottom Line sound check, John Hammond looks as far from the Delta blues as fire from water. Yet when he sings, the voice is archetypal guttural, the rhythms transposed whole from streetcorners and roadhouses, and when he talks about his art, the commitments and passions of a life-long allegiance are deliberate and moving.

"I'm a performer," he says, "doing what I love to do. For me, it's the most intense and personal way of performing the blues - without a band, just one man and one voice. I've worked very hard, even though it may sound like a very simple thing." He stops a moment to scratch at the tabletop. "Sometimes the simplest things are the hardest to do, to get right."

Hammond has come a long way to get back to where he started. Beginning recording in the early sixties, his style was rural and acoustic. "When I did my albums for Vanguard, they were into that aspect, and without any big hype, just on a folk level. About 1964, 1965, I decided to see what it was like to have a band. Vanguard didn't dig that at all, and made it very difficult. Finally I left Vanguard, went over to Atlantic, and became frustrated when I got typed into a band performer. I wanted to get out of that and record acoustic again, and nobody would record me that way. I frustrated myself; it was my own fault. So it's been ten years until this album that I've been able to record the way I make a living, which is acoustic."

The reference is to his new Capricorn

release, *Can't Beat The kid,* a forceful blend of all Hammond does best. "I'm really happy with the freedom I was given, and with the guys in Macon who had faith in me. Even the electric stuff is very simple, very much like what I used to do when I had a little band unarranged, not an overproduced sound that stifles the grain of the blues."

Still, Hammond's Chicago-style incursions of the mid-sixties were only interrelated extensions of his earlier (and now later) country leanings. "Historically, Muddy Waters started it all off when he came up to Chicago and got a band together, and he'd just been playing country blues before. He put bass, drums and guitar to it and it came out Chicago style. When I play country blues, just acoustic guitar - that's a wider range of material for me than stark South side. I feel what I'm doing alone is much more exciting to me, much more demanding, a wider scope in techniques and traditions.

"I chose country blues. The blues idiom is very varied, and there aren't too many still around that are maintaining that style, that are still trying to or are capable. It's important for the people that want to hear it and may be important to inspire others to continue."

The passing of the blues baton is a matter of concern to Hammond, as might be expected. With a limited influx of new blood in a field winnowed by age and mortality, John admits to sadness over the blues' tenuous means of survival. "It's a thing I've devoted my life to - this *is* my life - I've chosen this as my career. I've gotten to know a lot of the older guys over the years, and to me they're folk heroes that helped create an American art form, a purely American art form. It's not right to see them fade." A piano tunes soulfully in the background. "There never were a whole lot of them to begin with....

"There isn't much you can do with the blues. If you change it, it isn't blues anymore. Too little and it becomes a ballad, too much and it becomes R&B. You can't hoke it up. It's just a simple style. It's an American art form and I don't want to change it. I just want to be able to do it better, to do right by it."

The personal respect this intimates goes as far back as John's childhood, when father John Hammond Sr. provided a daily environment of black cultural reference more casual than righteous. "It was there since I was born. I lived in a household where blues and jazz were always in the air. I met a lot of the guys who were doing it without being aware of the importance of what I had in my life. I was more interested in playing sports. I didn't start the guitar until I was almost eighteen."

His musical imagination was first fired by rock and roll. "I used to go to the Alan Freed shows in the early fifties, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry. In buying their records I used to wonder who these other guys on the Chess label were, Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf and Little Walter. Through city blues I got into Lightning Hopkins and Blind Boy Fuller. One day my dad asked me if I ever heard of this Robert Johnson. I think I was fifteen at the time, and he played me 78's he had - "Terraplane Blues," "Milkcow's Calf" - he had the originals, and it blew my mind. Whew. He made me a tape, my dad did, and I had that tape for a long time."

He learned his licks painstakingly off the records. "I was not a very good guitar player when I started playing, though I got good very quickly because I knew all the songs. So it was just a matter of putting the guitar to the words, which I think is a lot easier than learning the other way around. I knew the songs in my head, I had the time and meter in my head. I started out playing the harmonica also, which isn't so easy but it helped me to get my time together. I've always prided myself on that sense of rhythm." Today, he uses three guitars in his act: a National steel guitar, a Gibson country-western model, and a Guild twelve-string.

Why the blues? "I don't know - you do what you love to do in life, and it sometimes doesn't look the way it's supposed to. The fact that I'm white has never been an issue for me. I love this musical form. What I do, not many people white or black can do. It's personal; the humor is basic, the approach is direct. It's intense and dramatic and straightforward. If you don't feel it, you can't do it. And I feel it. The audiences that hear me may not agree, though apparently they do because I've been doing this more or less successfully for thirteen years. I'm improving with age, and I hope never to stop.

"I've been very lucky in many ways. I've never been a side man, I've never had to be part of a thing that I didn't want to be part of. I've always been on top of my scene, even though I made a lot of mistakes, felt very ... as though I was going nowhere. I've always been able to pull myself out of those tailspins. It's very hard to deal with agents and managers and clubowners and promoters ... guys who see you as a box office attraction or money in the bank, or a liability or a debit and not you as a person. It's hard to talk for yourself and then be yourself. I've learned some hard lessons from that school, but if you believe in yourself, you can make it through the bad times."

Recently remarried, with a "new family and a new place," John seems settled and at ease. He'd like to do some concerts, perhaps, "where instead of grinding out clubs all year I can play for as many people in a night as I'd play for in a week," giving him a little more opportunity to "develop a domestic side of me that I really haven't had a chance to devote much time to. That's the future." Home is New York City. "I was born here, I've been all around the world, but I've never really left. It's always been where I make my stand."

That night at the Bottom Line ("I'm really looking forward to this job because I idolize Mose Allison - it's an honor for me to be on a show with him") he did just that. Drop down, a National steel ripple, a boot heel stamped on the stage in lamplow cadence. Bluesrise.□

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IAN ANDERSON

Bound For Hell?

by Joseph Rose



Ian dons his leathers for a visit to the track. Photo by Richard Creamer.

"I had a very strong attempt made on my life at the age of about 8," said Ian Anderson, knitting his brows and and setting his face into a dark, fierce grimace. "That was when they tried to send me to Sunday School."

Ian wasn't joking in speaking of his first religious experience in such fearful terms. He was marked for life by the episode, as you can tell from the vicious way he attacks religion in many of his songs.

"I was born in Dunfermline, a small town in the lowlands of Scotland, in 1947. But we left there when I was about 4 and lived in Edinburgh till I was 12, and then went to Blackpool in England, where I lived till I was about 19. But because that time with Sunday School was in Scotland, I was supposed to wear a kilt there.

"At the age of 8 it was distinctly distressing to my emergent masculintiy to wear a kilt. And they used to pack me off on Sunday morning, and I used to walk down the road and go in through the gates of the church and then run and hide in the bushes until the kids who were in Sunday School came out. And then I'd join the procession coming out and going home. And I was quite happy to do that for a few weeks until Christmas. Since I was on the list as a member of the Sunday School even though I never showed up, I received a small present on Christmas, as all the children received. And I felt so guilty about that that I then made the break and told my parents that I was not going to go again.

"I obviously went once or twice right in the beginning when they first sent me, but I didn't understand what they were saying. They made us learn a peculiar set of dogma called the catechism, which one was supposed to be able to recite."

That short run-in with religion must have made a deep impression on young Ian, because since then he's stayed away from church and yet still can't get it out of his mind. He never mentions any interest in the opposite of the Christian church — the occult, Satanism or the diabolical cults — although as I sat across from his in his Beverly Hills hotel room, he did seem to be a study in black.

He had his black boots propped up on an antique writing desk (which he pointed out had been scarred by years of misuse or he would never take the chance of damaging it). He was wearing a black T-shirt, black pants and a black belt. He lit the Dunhill Internationals, which eventually overflowed his astray during our

conversation, with a black Dunhill lighter. Between puffs he sipped from a cup of black coffee and moved his finger in a geometric pattern (that seems to be a pentangle) on the desk. And of course, there was that dark, brooding expression on his face that never seemed to lighten except briefly later when he mentioned a fellow member of Jethro Tull in an amusing situation.

I asked him if he ever studied organized religion.

"No, I mean, I've never been organized into anything. I'm not even organized myself. All I do every morning is write out a questionaire. I don't even fill it in. I just write it out, write out the questions, if you like. And in that sense, I'm a cynical, disbelieving soul who is probably bound for the deepest regions of hell."

It sounded like he took great joy in this.

"Well, I take great joy in the fact that if there is a God up there or down there or around us or just somewhere else having a cup of tea, putting butter on his toast first thing in the morning — if there is a God somewhere, he'll look down on me with a more amused and wry smile for my puny efforts, whereas he's going to look down with great wrath and disagreeable aggression upon most of the fools parading in white collars and piousness, particularly those Jehovah's Witness type people or the Children of God type people or whatever, because they're totally ungiving, they're totally demanding, they're totally insular.

"I always feel very frustrated by the lack of willingness to co-ordinate the very physical essence of what we are with the spiritual essence of what we are. There are very few religions that even make the attempt to do so. And I don't necessarily mean by getting into math or physics, by doing something on the physical nature of what we are as an animal.

"It always seems at odds with the spiritual essence of what we are, which is why I say I'm quite happy to bungle in the jungle for the time being, because that's what I see all this as being. I accept myself as being an animal of rather crude dietary, moral and sexual habits."

Speaking of this, I said, you told Cameron Crowe of HIT PARADER a while back that you were totally irresponsible with women.

"Yeah. In the final analysis, I am."

But the last time we spoke you were happily married man, or did it just seem that way?

"It seemed that way before I was married, yeah, but as soon as I was, I realized that it had all been some sort of weird kind of selfishness on my part. I didn't get married, really, for all the right reasons. I got married for some of the right reasons and a lot of the wrong ones. And basically one of the wrong reasons was I wanted to take a nice Jewish girl away from her parents and away from their false standards, or standards that I considered to be false. I wanted to win a battle, coming up against something that rejected me, and actually coming out on top by taking away their daughter.

"And having done it, it seemed a rather futile and worthless act, because she probably would have done it all by herself if I'd left her alone. Apart from that, I felt an awful lot for her, and I still do. I still see her, and I'm still married to her (they've been separated for two years). And I get on OK with her parents.

"But something was done that I did for rather irresponsible reasons, and that's what I mean about being irresponsible



Richard Creamer

Commando Cody had nothing on Ian.



Richard Creamer

Star and machine.

with women. I still do that, you know. The joy of the hunt, if you like, is often better than the kill."

Did the thrill of the hunt have anything to do with the fact that Ian seems to have abandoned his stage persona of dirty old lecher for colorful medieval costuming and a more well-kept appearance?

"I'm not trying to be more attractive to women, no. I still do things that I did when I used to wear filthy, dirty old clothes, which have the same send-up, the same self-mockery attached to them that they ever did. I mean, I don't think I'm Robert Plant, in spite of the fact that I might do things that he does because I consider them funny.

"In a funny way, they're very poignant and sort of worthwhile things — the idea of the peacock displaying his feathers, swelling his chest, holding his head high and erect for the women, who actually are very disinterested and want to just get on picking at their seeds or whatever they do. But it's part of the necessary animal display, and I do it, but with good humor and with some good grace, I hope.

"But it isn't meant to be taken seriously. God forbid that I should take it seriously. And God forbid that Robert Plant should take it seriously, too. I mean, he's a better looking guy than I am, you know. He's more likely to take it seriously because people are more likely to take him seriously. But it's possibly easier for me than for him.

"But I dress in those silly clothes onstage because I enjoy the celebration. I enjoy the occasion. I enjoy the momen-



tum of being out on a limb and standing there glowing in codpiece and multicolored tights and jacket and coat and all the rest of it. I can enjoy that. But at the same time, I have to say it's really silly. And I have to admit some nights just thinking, 'What in the hell am I doing here wearing all this? Do I need this to play music? Has it actually become, in another way, a sort of crutch that I employ to get me through the night?"

"Because I obviously don't wear them in rehearsals. I don't wear them in the studio. So why do it onstage? It's because I enjoy dressing up to go out. And I say sarcastically to people in the audience sometimes, "Well, it's nice to see you all got specially dressed up for me tonight, and you're looking very nice.' And they all cheer and applaud each other in their blue denims and their shitty T-shirts, you know. Whereas I would just like to see some girls who made themselves look pretty because they were going to sit in the front row and wore sort of a pair of clean tights and a nice dress. But that hardly ever happens. They like to come in last year's denims, carefully washed out."

Ian's multisyllabic vocabulary and analytical approach to his life and music inclined me to think that he must be a voracious reader. So I asked whether he read a lot.

"Yeah. I read and re-read all the James Bond books. They fulfill a fantasy of

(continued on page 62)



RONNIE VAN ZANT

Talks About SKYNYRD'S Music... And Politics...

By Lisa Robinson



Lynyrd Skynyrd - perhaps the fastest rising band of this past year - consists of Ronnie Van Zant (lead vocals), Gary Rossington (guitar), Allen Collins (guitar), Leon Wilkeson (bass) Billy Powell (keyboards), and Artemis Pyle (drums). They also possess manager Peter Rudge - who has organized tours for the Rolling Stones as well as managing The Who. Before we talked to Ronnie Van Zant seriously about his music, Rudge had "...a few rude, tongue in cheek remarks" to make about Skynyrd's success:

"Well, they met me in the men's toilet ... and I asked if I could carry their guitars. Ronnie said yes, he probably figured since I was fat at the time that I would be harmless. Next thing he knew I was in the toilet with his lead guitarist and we've all been hanging around together ever since. The band usually writes when they're drunk, which is most of the time, and I'd like to clear one thing up — they only beat up NORTHERN barmen. The band got together in jail, do you really want to know what they were in jail for? Well ... attempted murder, armed robbery, shoplifting, obscene phone calls, running over old ladies in trucks..."

"Our sound?," Rude continued, smiling deliciously, "well, just say that Skynyrd's sound is obscene. But you can't pay any attention to critics, most of the critics from the North are in the bar drunk during the show, or else they're hanging out with Howard Stein trying to get a good table at Elaine's. People say these southern bands are killing themselves? Yeah, just like they said about the Who ten years ago ... Anyway, what is all this about the Southern bands? Skynyrd is an American band, they've got an English manager, a German makeup man, a French chef who travels with them on the road ... what's all this about the South? They just fly National Airlines instead of American so they can get the no-frills service."

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(The following is a conversation with Ronnie Van Zant, lead Lynyrd Skynyrd singer.)

LR: Do you feel pressured into giving interviews to explain what you do, or do you feel that your music is explanation enough?

RVZ: The music is all we're into, it's all we know. If it wasn't for that we'd have to pick cotton. For about seven years we played clubs and some of the guys delivered flowers in flower trucks, and I worked at an auto place. Finally we just said fuck it, we want to play music or die. And we almost did die for seven years ... until we met up with Mr. Rudge and he saved us. He saved us and made us rich.

RVZ: Oh yes...

LR: That's refreshingly honest. Most bands claim that they don't ever get to see any of the money, that it's all media exaggeration ... Has your lifestyle changed?

RVZ: Not at all, we still live in the same place. I bought three dogs, though. But I hardly get a chance to see them, cause we've been on the road so much. We spent about thirty or forty days at home last year ... We like being on the road though until we get real tired and then we still like it but we don't play as well as we'd like to. My energy gets drained and my throat gets sore. We had to cancel a gig recently because I was bleeding from the throat. But I think in the past 2 and a half years I've only had to cancel 9 gigs.

LR: What do you mean, not play as well as you'd like to?

RVZ: Well, I guess if the audience is happy we should be happy. But there are a lot of times when we get back into the dressing room after a "successful" gig that we know what we've done wrong. Our music is like a pattern and if one piece falls out we know it. After the show we'll often argue about where that piece of the puzzle went.

LR: When you say argue, do you mean fight?

RVZ: Yesssss...

LR: What about this image you've been getting about being so rough, getting into fights and being tossed in jails all the time?

RVZ: Well, it's the truth. I mean yesterday we had a fight in the group but we have a fight, and then it's over with. I mean we're all brothers, but it's a way of letting off steam, and we love each other and there are no hard feelings about it.

LR: Are you involved in any of the actual business of the group?

RVZ: No, I don't want to know any of that, my whole thing is the music. I put all my trust in Peter Rudge; when he says jump I jump because we were eating peanut butter and jelly until he got a hold of us and he really has developed our career. He is the Number One manager in the world ... he's my man. I've said it before and I'll say it again, I have a Jesus in heaven and on earth but in music I've got Peter Rudge.

LR: How committed are you to your music?

RVZ: I never stay away from music for more than 2 days at a time. Only right now do I feel that I'm beginning to learn how to sing and how to use my voice and how to write. We're looking forward to doing a live lp soon, because we feel we play much better in front of an audience than we do just in the studio. But we're a very moody group. Sometimes we'll be in front of a couple of thousand people and we'll play really top-notch. Sometimes in front of 19,000 or 20,000 people it just doesn't click. You know, you try to do the best you can, but we've never been completely satisfied.

LR: Never?

RVZ: No...

LR: Well, what do you think will happen if you do become satisfied...

RVZ: I think we'll be in trouble.

LR: Do you feel tremendous pressure as the lead singer?

RVZ: Well, I think I'm a very demanding lead singer, I need to be pushed hard and they're a hard pushing band. Sometimes they'll push me too hard with tempos or whatever, and that can be hard on the throat...

LR: Do you relate to any kind of "Southern rock and roll" thing - as a movement, a kinship with other southern bands?

RVZ: Well, I don't feel a part of that. I mean I am from the South and I love everyone down there, am friends with everyone down there but I get tired of picking up a piece of paper and seeing Southern this, and southern that ... when there are so many great groups from Boston, or California. We just want to be recognized as a group, take it or leave it.

LR: What *was* all that about doing benefits for Wallace? Are you political?

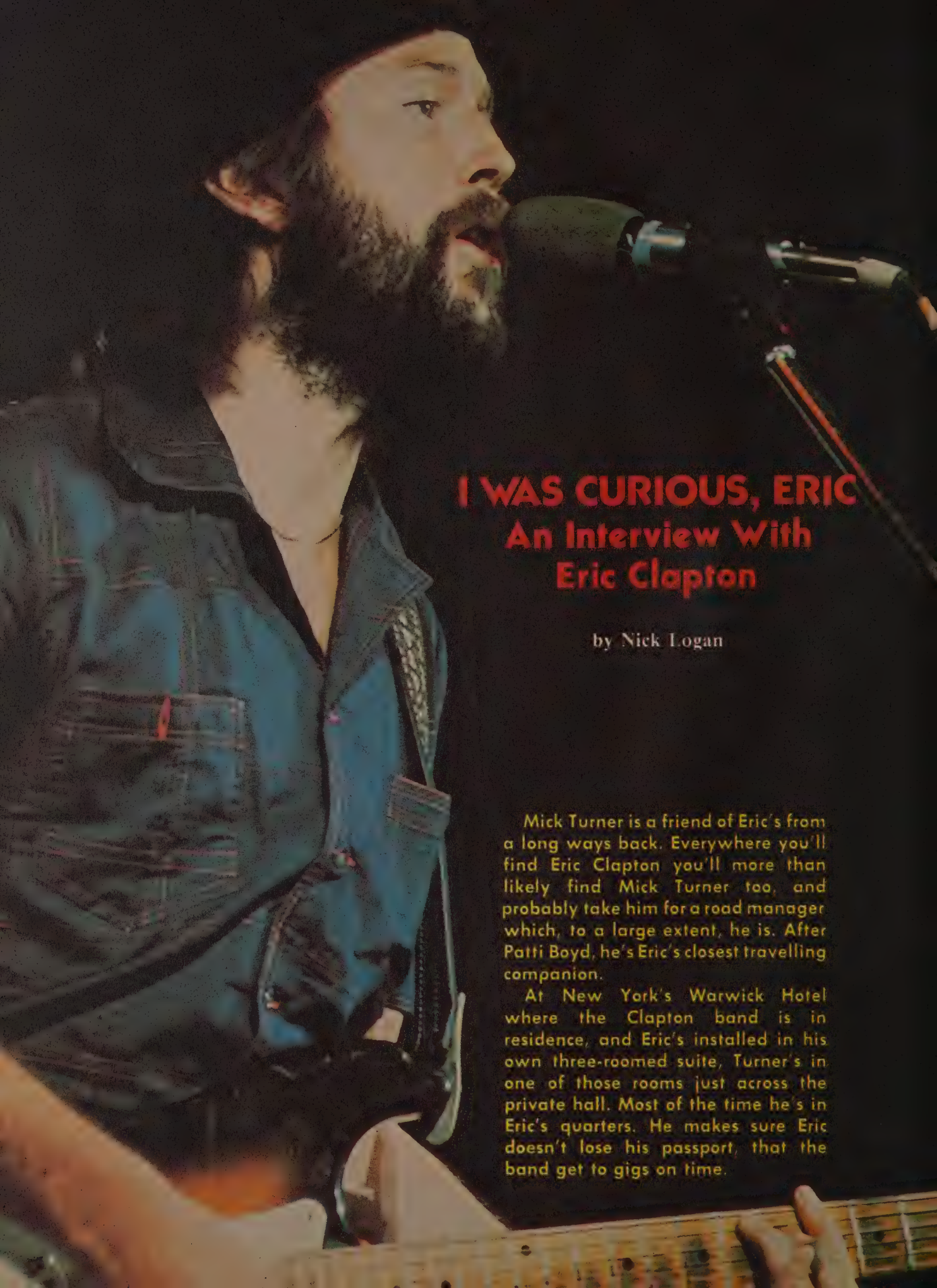
RVZ: We received a plaque from Governor Wallace to become a Lieutenant Colonel in the state militia, which is a bullshit gimmick thing. My father supports Wallace but that don't mean I have to. I think he's a gentleman and has a lot of nerve.

LR: Do you mean nerve, or balls...

RVZ: Balls. And I admire that. He's got a lot of guts to go back out there after what happened to him. Anyway, all these people have been saying that we're going to go out on a campaign for him, and that's a lie. We're not into politics, we don't have no education and Wallace don't know anything about rock and roll. We have very little in common, and besides that, I disagree with a lot of his views. I've heard him talk and wanted to ask him about his views on blacks and why he has such poor education and such a low school rate there, such a low housing rate ... I wouldn't say anything bad about him in Alabama, but I'm not from Alabama, we're from Florida. And we wrote "Sweet Home Alabama" as a joke except for the last verse - about the swampers who taught us how to play music. But it broke nationwide and we've been sort of branded with it. As far as the confederate flag is concerned, we've been carrying that wiith us for a long time before we did anything, it's just part of us. We're from the South, but we're not bigots.

LR: Do you feel that you haven't been able to get as close to your fans as you might like, since you've become more successful?

RVZ: Yeah ... we try to, but lately they've been keeping us away from them. We always have time to shake hands and things like that ... and say thank you. Because if it wasn't for them, we'd be nowhere.□



I WAS CURIOUS, ERIC
An Interview With Eric Clapton

by Nick Logan

Mick Turner is a friend of Eric's from a long ways back. Everywhere you'll find Eric Clapton you'll more than likely find Mick Turner too, and probably take him for a road manager which, to a large extent, he is. After Patti Boyd, he's Eric's closest travelling companion.

At New York's Warwick Hotel where the Clapton band is in residence, and Eric's installed in his own three-roomed suite, Turner's in one of those rooms just across the private hall. Most of the time he's in Eric's quarters. He makes sure Eric doesn't lose his passport, that the band get to gigs on time.

But there's a lot more to his job than that. His primary function — one that Eric doesn't relish and doubtless Turner doesn't either — is to protect his "employer" ... From others, from himself.

In an otherwise remarkably stable environment, it's the only outward sign that even if Eric Clapton believes his period of addiction is now history, there are others with a stake in his future as performer and human being who haven't yet come round to sharing his faith.

Mick Turner is "security", a minder, a bodyguard. There to see that Eric, because of or despite himself, doesn't get back on heroin.

The last time I interviewed Eric Clapton was, oh, sometime back around '69/'70. The occasion was the impending launch of the Derek and the Dominos project, the day before the band embarked on their deliberately low profile tour of British clubland. A few days previous, as I recall, they'd played their debut gig at a "star-packed" London Speakeasy.

I'd been interviewing Eric Clapton on and off since the early Cream, and for some time, this being post-Delaney & Bonnie and all that that entailed, I'd had the feeling that I was watching a slowly depreciating scenario. Certainly Eric's public and artistic stock wasn't exactly surging ever onward.

From that rationale, I approached the interview with a pretty clear picture of what had all the makings of a faintly doomed project.

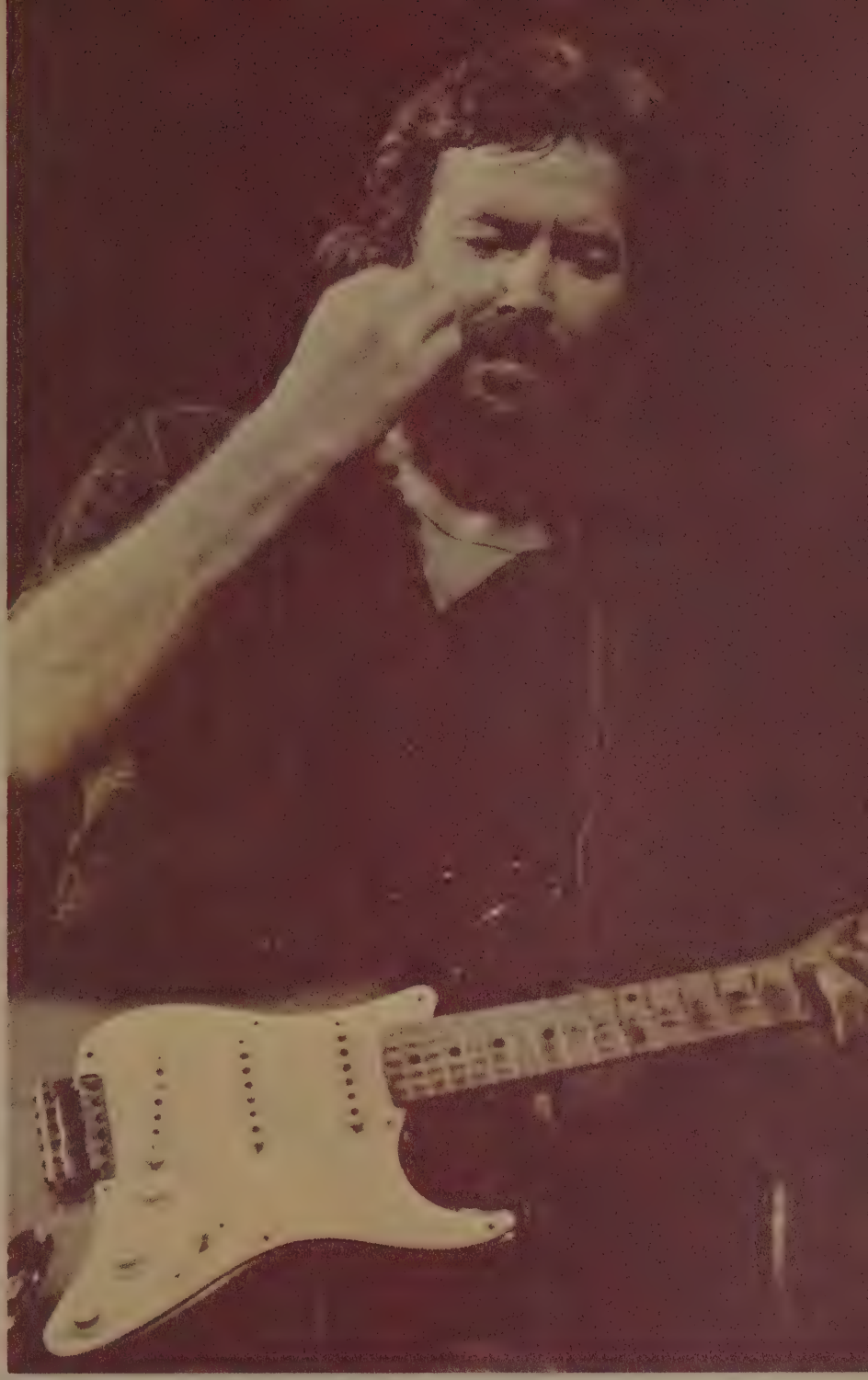
Then I'd found myself in this room, peopled with assorted good - humoured Dominos, industrious Robert Stigwood aides, and a pile of "Eric Is Derek" badges and other promotional paraphenalia, and got myself caught up sub-consciously in one big high pressure success vibe that won me over to the point where I was shortly heaving out of the window all my finely - conceived pre-rationale.

I came out clutching my cassette, wondering how I'd managed to get it all so wrong.

A week or two later though, after I'd written my piece, it flashed on me that in fact I hadn't. Somehow I'd allowed myself to be suckered rather than sucked into swallowing a totally false premise. This *had* in fact been no Great Renaissance. This *had* in fact been the downcurve I'd rationalised — and it was the realisation that I'd somehow gotten myself so fooled that left me with considerable concern for the central characters back there in the middle of it all.

Which leads me to introduce the following theory, which is: that one of the reasons fading rock stars continue to fade regardless, is that their environment is so cushioned as never to allow them to assimilate their true position.

It's the kind of environment where, surrounded by camp followers and syncophants whose real task it is to bathe the artist's ego in the right kind of glow, a bad gig can always be translated for you as an unresponsive *audience,* a poor review will always be the work of a vindictive *reviewer;* and where you're never allowed to learn that your latest album bombed out alarmingly because every time the thought's taking form in your brain there's going to be somebody around to snatch your attention onto the fact that it's 18 with a bullet in The Argentine or someplace similar.



Self delusion is what that particular syndrome is all about, a manifestation of one level of which having been what I'd witnessed around Derek and the Dominos.

Yet in a sense both of us were wrong ... or right. I was right because Derek and the Dominos *did* distinctly fail to catch the public imagination. "Layla" *did* fall like the proverbial lead balloon in terms of a "Saleable product".

Clapton was right too because, in "Layla", as time has cone to prove, he had managed to create one of the true meisterworks of the genre.

So that was the last time I saw Eric. All further opinions were going to have to be formed from a distanced vantage point, from scrabbling among the rumour and the hearsay that told increasingly bloated tales of manic depression and seclusion — and ultimately vegetation — at the end of the junkie's needle.

I saw Eric again in America the week before last. Course I'd heard "461" and "There's One In Every Crowd" and neither suggested vegetation, but I still didn't know quite what to expect.

All photos by Michael Putland



We've driven out from New York through Massachusetts to a place called Springfield, ahead of Clapton and the band who are making the expedition in their nine-seater plane, and at first glimpse of Eric when his entourage arrives with ten minutes to spare I'm immediately overwhelmed at just how healthy this man looks.

The beard neatly trimmed, the hair freshly layered, for all the world he looks like a candidate for some kind of Internal Efficiency Ad. Learn To Stop Worrying And Live At Ease With Your Head The Eric Clapton Way. Frankly, in his company, I feel even more the jet-lagged, germ-blagged wreck that I am.

Mick Turner's in tow, Patti's in tow, getting straight into a rap in one corner of the gym-like dressing room with Yvonne Elliman and Marcy Levy, while Eric introduces the visitors to his band, breakingoff to hug a beaming Carlos Santana.

In contradiction of reports of the last American tour's heavy boozing and on-the-road frolics, the trestle table weighed down with band refreshments receives only token interest.

Santana wants to hear a cassette of Clapton's recent recordings. Eric digs out the headphones, sits quietly watching the listening, cross-legged Santana. On his face, a semi-amused, mostly benevolent gaze. I'm still getting over his remarkably fit appearance. Conversation is sporadic.

At one point a local youth, grinning gauchely, wanders unchecked into the room beaming a foolish hayseed grin in an arc around the gathering, zoning in on Eric. Overcoming surprise at not being immediately thrown out on his ear, he proceeds up to the seated, silent Clapton, whispers: "You Eric Clapton?"

Eric, in whisper, affirms that he is, a mockingly conspiratorial glint in his eye.

"Can I take your picture?" From his anorak the kid produces a camera, squints behind the lens. "Thanks". A repeat of the opening grin, and he's gone.

That's one local kid who's going to have a hard time convincing his friends that stars' dressing rooms just ain't what they're cracked up to be. I mean, would you believe they sit around ignoring all the booze 'n' stuff, shaping up for fans' photographs like it was their God-given duty? And that Eric Clapton, hey, he's a real gent, so quiet ... uh ... even polite. Man you shoulda been there.

Out on stage, Santana having warmed up an appreciative crowd in their opening role, Clapton leads the band straight into "Layla" and you know straight from the off that this really is a *band* working out.

It's a good show, not world - beating, but cooking right enough. Yvonne Elliman and Marcy Levy both take single solo spots and contribute to the vocal department, and when not doing either disport themselves on separate settees placed on either side of the stage. Eric introduces his reggae version of Dylan's "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" with the line: "This one's by a great poet, the greatest living poet of our time." Carlos Santana passes the entire set squatting behind an amp, rhythmically beating a drumstick like a kid with a new toy. Halfway through their tour and he's getting off on Eric as much as the kids down in the front row, passing their joints back and forward along the crush barrier.

The over-riding impression is of a band really digging each other and what they're doing.

From a vantage point at the side of the stage, I take the opportunity to study both Eric's playing and range of expressions. The one that remains fixed in my memory comes during the encore, where Santana's outfit hook up with Clapton on "Why Does Love Got To Be So Bad" and there comes one of several points where the two guitars really achieve lift off, and all at once Eric's face begins to glow with a pleasure he instantly turns to communicate virtually one by one, to the rest of his band.

Not epoch-making, but it's a long time since I saw a band so enjoying themselves on stage.

As the PA cools off, Clapton's party beat hasty tracks for the cars and a fast getaway. Back in the dressing room, the six bottles of spirits, the binful of beer, the spread of cold meats and fruit remain virtually untouched.

The Three Lost Years: it was largely the negative reaction to "Layla" that shoved Eric into despond. The band, according to Clapton, were unanimous that it was a fine album ... "that it would go straight to No. 1."

When it didn't friends, associates tried to buoy him up. Clapton: "Carl (Radle), who's got a very good philosophy, he said: 'It doesn't matter, it's music, it's good, if it satisfies us then that's all that matters. So I just forgot about it, got over it."

But he didn't. As Eric tells it himself, the crunch came when the Dominos went into the studio to work on a second album. "Half way through we suddenly realized that we'd hit our peak. We broke up and then I just sat around thinking, 'Oh God what can I do to top that?' And it took three years to pluck up courage to do '461'."

So those Three Lost Years? Eric is remarkably candid now about the whole thing. He just shrugs, tells it matter - of - factly, like relating what he ate for breakfast.

"The truth? Well, probably everything you've heard, it's all absolutely true. I spent approximately three years doing

the hard stuff." (Pause). "And really, you know, *really* doing it. I must have spent a fortune.

"And ... I dunno ... I'm just one of those people that's curious y'know. Everyone had told me, 'Never ... don't touch it', but that's the last thing to tell a person like me because I immediately want to know why I'm not supposed to touch it.

"So I went through it, came out the other side and now I know what it's like. (Pause.)

"It's not good or bad. For some people it's a medicine, for others it's a poison."

Holed up in his Surrey mansion nursing a growing habit, Clapton's physical condition deteriorated rapidly. For days on end, 24 hours at a stretch, he'd sit around the house.

Remarkably in a way, he didn't completely forsake his guitar.

Eric: "Actually that's the surprising thing. I thought at the end of that period, 'Oh God, I've wasted three years.' Then I suddenly came across this great mound of cassettes. I'd been totally wasted but playing, and had turned on the cassette machine, and some of it was of value."

Like what? Anything in particular?

"Yeah. 'Give Me Strength'. That was actually conceived during that time."

Pete Townshend was among the friends who rallied round.

"Pete. Yeah. He's played a large part in my whole life actually. He really has. It's embarrassing to talk about really, because he's very close. I miss him a lot because he's so involved in other things all the time ... but y'know, he really took time to help out. Because he thought I was worth it, and I didn't think I was. He gave me faith in myself again. I owe him that, and sooner or later I'm going to pay him back, somehow."

And eventually to the acupuncture clinic, a little black package of electronics and ... The Cure.

Eric: "I can describe how it works — whether it works or not I don't know. It seems to be an individual thing. It's a box about this size ..." (framing his hands about a foot apart) "that has two cables leading out of it, with little metal clips on the end which you attach to your ear lobes. The current runs through your head then out the other side and back into the machine, and the pulse is controllable by a knob, so that you can go ... *do-do-do-do - deedododododo.* You take it up to the threshold of pain and then take it down again.

"Pete came up to the place where I was treated and tried it out, and he went into a sort of euphoric trance within about ten minutes. Perhaps my resistance was higher but I don't think it actually worked on me as much as I thought it was going to.

"The cure itself was a combination of things ... the acupuncture thing and the determination to get through it."

He was at the clinic for two weeks, presented with his black box, a set of instructions and told to get on with it.

"Yep, that's about it. Three times a day, one hour per session."

The second part of the cure programme involved immediate withdrawal from the temptations of his previous environment. He took himself off to Wales, where a friend, Fran Gore, younger brother of one-time Clapton girlfriend Alice Orsmby-Gore, runs a farm.

"I still wasn't really sure, you know, that if I'd walked out of the clinic I could have actually, you know, gone and scored again. So what I did was get on a train, went straight to Wales and worked on the farm for a month. That was it. I got up at six in the morning, drove a tractor and baled hay and I had no chance to think about anything else. Frank, he just took me on as a hired hand and worked me like a dog. That was actually the best part of the cure. Cause if I'd stayed in London, there's so much of that kind of thing going about it's hard to avoid."

The turning point came after a month or so. Given a day off because he'd just about worked himself into the ground, Eric picked up his guitar and attempted to "relearn some of the things I used to know, blues and stuff. I tried to sing again because I hadn't for a long time, and it sounded alright.

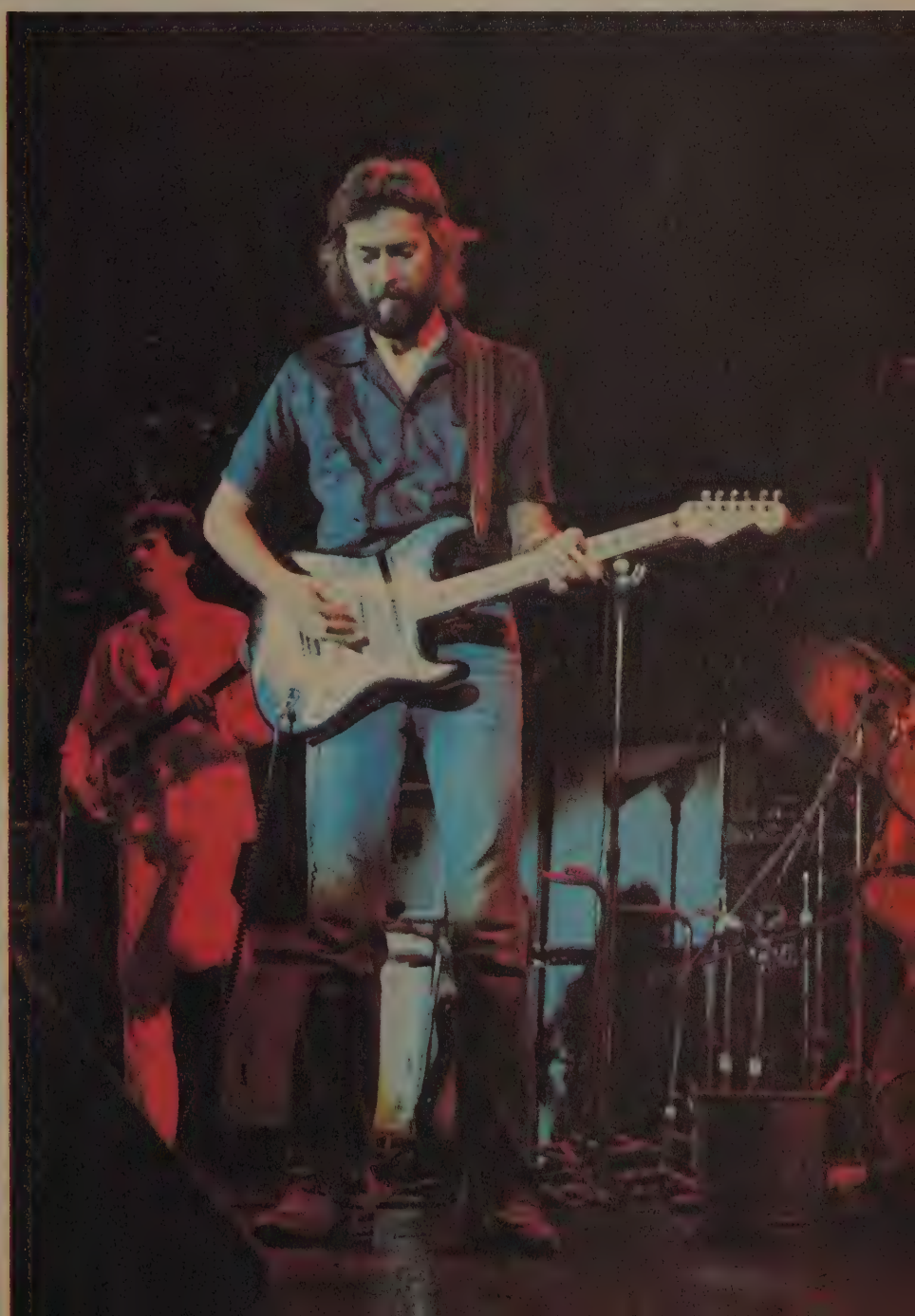
"I decided then, okay, I've had enough of it here. I've had the country air, I feel fit. I'm going back to London."

Returning to London, Clapton walked straight into Robert Stigwood's office and declared himself fit and ready for active duty. "Get me studio time, get me Tom Dowd (producer), and we'll see what happens," he told his manager.

What happened was a return ticket to Miami and "461 Ocean Boulevard".

Three days after the Springfield gig, in Eric's suite at the Warwick, and he's insisting that I picked the wrong concert. "You should have seen us when we came off. Whooah ... there were some *looong* faces, you know. The encore was good mind. But the gig last night in Providence, open air it was, all these kids down the front, I had to cool them off y'know ... wheee ... that was a *goooood*

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THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW



MICK JAGGER/KEITH RICHARDS

by Lisa Robinson

MICK JAGGER

HP: Does the fact that you must be constantly aware of people watching you all the time consciously alter the way you act?

Mick: Yeah. I mean if you're alone in the bathroom you obviously act different than you would at a party with a crowd of people around. You ... anyone, it's just natural to be aware of people looking at you. It's just exaggerated with me.

HP: Well - because you're alone in the bathroom alot less than alot of other people..

Mick: What do you mean? How do you know how much time I spend alone in the bathroom? I don't spend that much time in the bathroom actually, but I do manage to spend quite alot of time on my own. Haven't you seen? In my room on my own. I'm not anti-social, but I like to be on my own alot. I'm not a recluse, but being in front of alot of people is weird, because it goes against the grain of what I believe in. When I go in front of people I entertain, I show off, which is something I really don't approve of. So I try and show off in the nicest way I can.

HP: Okay, well no matter how much time you manage to get alone, you still know - especially while you're on tour - that the next night, or that night, or the next day - you'll have to be in front of all those people again. So, the amount of time that you manage to pull out alone, does it keep you sane for those other times?

Mick: Yeah, it's not being alone that keeps you sane although that helps.

It's difficult to talk about to people who never have been on stage or on tour, this kind of a tour ... It does get kind of crazy, but you have to have periods of mental and muscular relaxation. Discipline. Alot of bands freak out, on the road they go nuts. If you can keep your humour, it's all right...

HP: Is what you do, with this tour - the stage, the set, the band ... is it still a form of entertaining that's pleasing to you?

Mick: Yes.

HP: If you were bored, would you stop?

Mick: What one night? No, you can't just be bored one night and pull out ... The whole tour? Yes, I think if I was bored of the whole thing I would. I didn't think I was going to like the tour at all. I thought it would be so repetitious of what I'd done before that I would feel so much like I'd done it before, and what was the point of doing it again. But happily I don't feel like that. The band is a different kind, a slightly different band, which is enough different for me to get off on. And the stage I get off on, especially the moving one ... almost every night I get off on it. I don't think I have the same attack at the end of the tour as I did at the beginning of the tour ... I always get really wiped out for about a half hour after the show, but I recover quickly. Especially with this show I get pretty tired, you know, because it's such a long show. But I never have to be helped off the stage.

HP: How involved are you with the plans for the tour, travel arrangements and so forth? In addition to helping design the stage, and ob-





viously being involved with the music, it seems as though you get more involved with the tour party details than, say, Keith does.

Mick: Oh yeah, but that's because I like it. I sort of set the guidelines, and then let Peter work out the details, and go over it with him and the girls who are working out the hotels and things. I've always liked doing that, though. Also - I've never really felt it was anything but a waste of money to spend hundreds of dollars getting suites and things in hotels ... for a start, they're all bad. It's not like being in Europe where there are some really nice hotels ... here they're all the same, with the exceptions of one or two towns. We only had limousines once ... I was so disappointed when we did, it cost alot of money, I much prefer the station wagons. But we've never been much oriented towards luxury. I mean I don't want to stay in flea-bitten rooms, but I don't need the best suite in the hotel either.

HP: Your ego doesn't need it...

Mick: My ego doesn't need it. It's big enough already...

HP: Well you seem in control of it...

Mick: Now you're flattering me. What, in control of my ego or my hotel rooms? ... No, I try to control it because I've seen myself go off the rails on too many tours, start really ordering people around. I get difficult to deal with, and I decided to give that up a few years ago.

HP: I heard that you were very moody on tours..

Mick: No, I'm not moody on tours, apart from the fact that I like to be on my own, even for just one hour a day - apart from the time that I'm asleep. And when you're asleep you're not always alone.

HP: How do you feel about the way you've looked on this tour? Are you happy with the costumes ... You seem to be experimenting with them a bit, changing lots of outfits around..

Mick: Yeah, no ... I really haven't liked the costumes that much. I have so many of them, more than I usually have had, and it's quite fun for me to experiment around with them. Some of them are all right, some of them aren't. I wasn't really happy at first with the way I looked, it wasn't the way I wanted to look, but I've gotten over it, and I don't really mind.

HP: What did you want to look like?

Mick: I'm not telling you, I'll save it for the next tour.

HP: Right, otherwise they'd show up on Bowie's next tour ... Are you aware on a conscious level of the way you look in terms of the way you move? Like, do you analyze it either while you're doing it or after you're through — sort of think about something you did and figure out how to change it, or that you liked it and want to do it again?

Mick: No, I really don't think about it.

HP: Did you ever, even in the beginning?

Mick: No, especially not in the beginning. I mean I saw the TAMI show recently, and I can relate to that person there, I mean it's me, I'm the same person. I think I did the same thing in the beginning that I do now, I don't think I was as good, I think I'm better now than I was then. I'm not saying that immodestly, I was just a bit ingenue then. I wasn't that sure of myself then. I had alot of energy, but I'll have alot of energy in a quarter of an hour. Enough for a blitzkrieg approach...

HP: Well, seeing a film even like the Altamont movie, I think that when people say the Stones are "still" good, as in an aging actress being "still lovely" ... it's such rubbish. Because you are so much better now..

Mick: You said it, I didn't.

HP: Yes you did, you just said you thought you were better now...

Mick: I said as a performer, I think I'm better now than I was at the time of the TAMI show, that's all I said.

KEITH RICHARDS

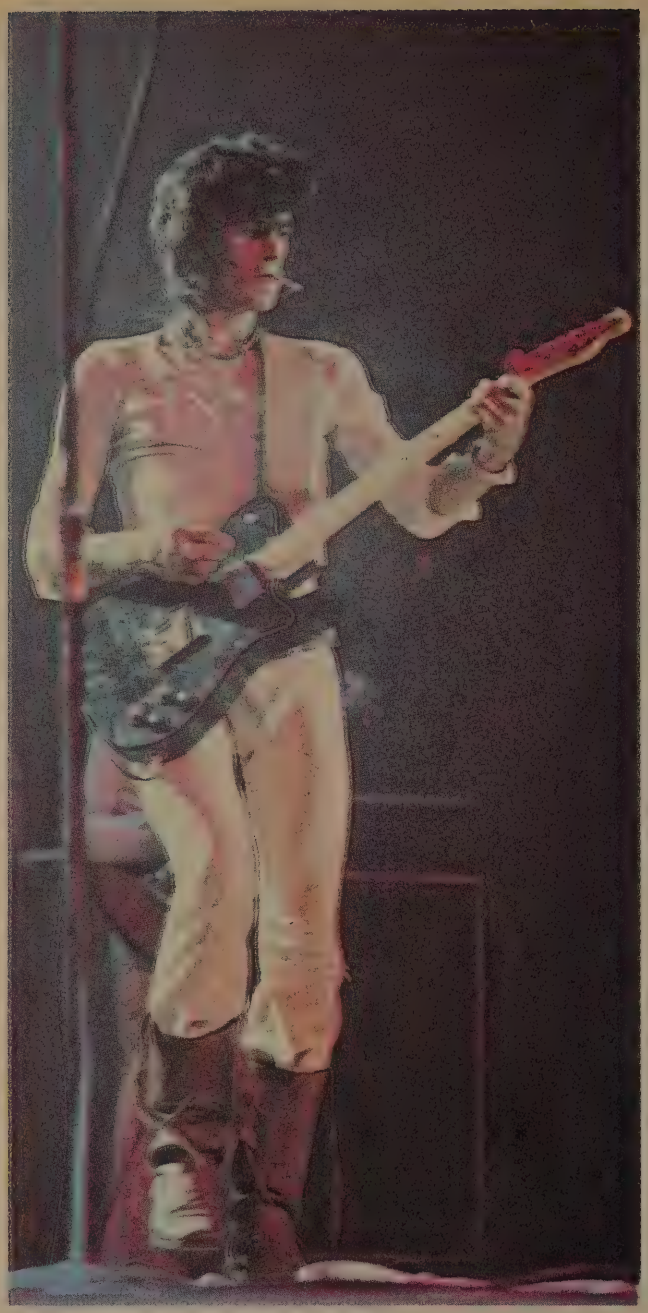
HP: The last time we spoke to you for Hit Parader you said you had been skiing ... somehow it's hard to imagine you doing anything as healthy as skiing.

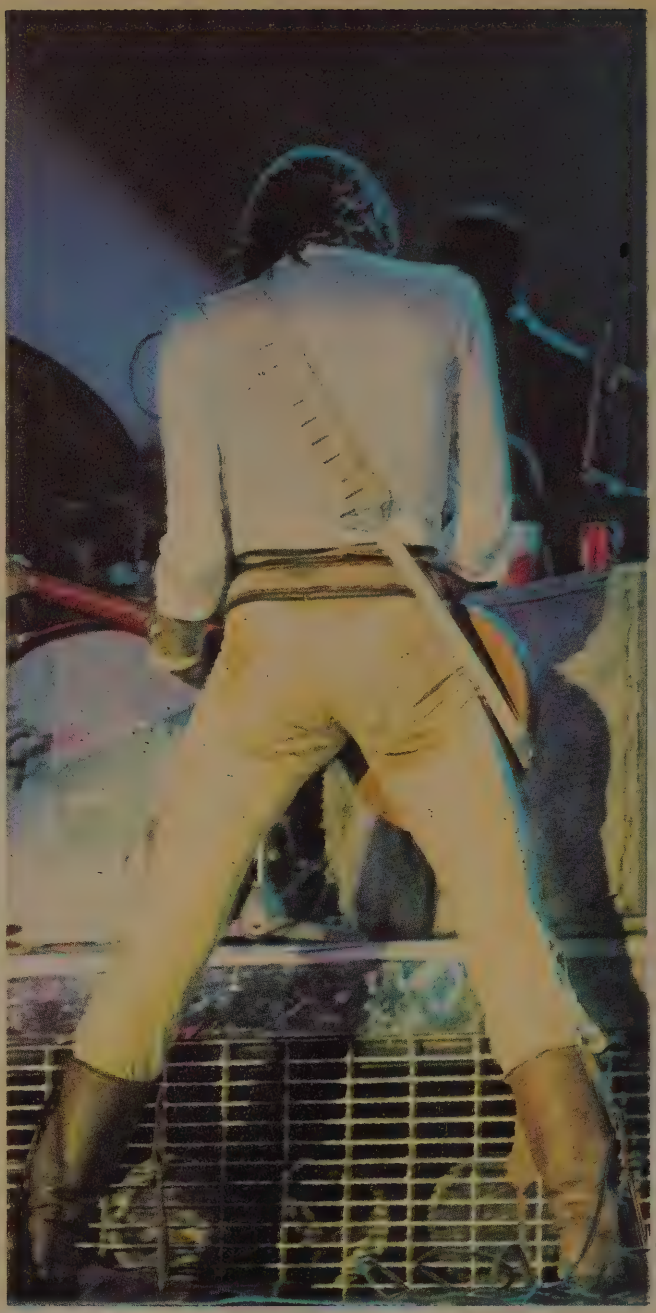
Keith: There's nothing healthy about skiing, you can hear those legs breaking, those bones breaking for five miles, the echo on it around the mountains ... *crack!*

HP: Well, being onstage actually must be more hard work...

Keith: It's not hard work, it's just good. The difference between sitting around at home or in a studio, and sweating at it for over two hours every night, it makes alot of difference. I like the studio, but not *just* that and nothing else. I've also given up writing, as people think of writing. Just sitting down in your house with a tape recorder, or piece of paper, or an instrument, and sit down there and write things and put it on tape. Then what do you do next - you go to the studio and say to the other musicians 'I've got a song, it goes like this .. and you've got to play that, and I'll play this ..' That's not right, that's dictatorship. It's all subjective, it's all just one person, whoever gets the song together, telling everyone else what to play. Not one hundred percent, but at least seventy five percent you've got to dictate to them what's got to go down on tape. So I stopped writing.

Photos by Annie Leibovitz/Rolling Stone





Annie Leibovitz/Rolling Stone

HP: Is that the way you've done songs with the Stones up to now?

Keith: Half the time, I've never done it all that way. But now I don't do it at all. I know people that go in there with typewritten sheets of paper, with it all worked out, and I think that a band should be able to participate and a song should be written at the same time as it's being put down on tape. So now I don't write nothing, I don't go to the studio with nothing, I just go in there and I start playing. And if they all pick up on something then I'll add a little bit more, things that they've suggested to me ... but this way we eliminate all talking, all intellectual thought processes, and it's - the song ends up being written by purely musical language. Because you don't have to say anything, if I go in there and play a riff and they like it, because they like it and because of the way they're playing it, it gives me two or three alternative ideas to where it goes next. Eventually we get a song that isn't a subjective little thing written in somebody's backroom that everybody else plays on, but truly a piece of music where the band has helped, and it is as much their idea as mine. I feed them ideas to be able to construct a song, which is what I mean when I say I've given up writing. That other thing is old-fashioned, it's a dictatorship.

HP: Have you been able to do this with this band?

Keith: I do it all the time with this band. Especially the new album the next studio album will be eighty or ninety percent like that. "It's Only Rock And Roll" was like that, and alot of other things were done like that to a certain extent. But now I don't feel at all like ever locking myself in a room to write a song.

Everybody does that who writes songs ... it's like 'sssh ... so and so is *writing a song'* .. it's bullshit. It's one person's thing, one person's trip, and everybody else is subservient to it. If you're playing in a band, when you're onstage everybody's got to be on top of it, or the whole thing suffers. And it's the same with a song. It's got to be done on the spot. Also, if you record a song weeks after you have written it, you might be in a completely different bag by then in relation to the thing you've written.

HP: How do you feel then, about per-

forming songs onstage that you've written a long time ago?

Keith: Every song that we've played onstage this tour is a song that we like. We weren't going to do "Midnight Rambler" this time around, but I think "Midnight Rambler" has a different thing now, even though we haven't changed the arrangement one bit - it's not the same as when we did it with Mick Taylor. It's because there's like a new band, and a couple of people who are new in the band - it's just different. You know at first it seemed that Ronnie was such an obvious choice to join the band, I had done his album with him and I knew that he would work out, but some people were apprehensive because they thought he played too much like me.

I didn't necessarily agree, but we tried to look around for someone else. And we couldn't come up with anyone else in England who we thought was any good, or who was available, or who wanted to do it. Then we got a bunch of American guys and made up a list ... and after Christmas last year we went to Rotterdam to record ... in our mobile truck, updated from 16 to 24 track, all the latest equipment ... and so we thought we'd try the truck out in a little rehearsal hall in Rotterdam and at the same time audition a few guitar players. We had an awful lot of people there, Jeff Beck ... a guy from Memphis named Robert Johnson ... nothing clicked, nothing clicked, until the last day in Rotterdam when Wayne Perkins walked in, and he was a fantastic guitar player.

I sort of cultivated him, he lived with me for about a month, six weeks - and then eventually we had to go and do some more sessions in Munich, and Wayne came along as the Stones guitar player. He had lived at my house for about a month or so, and I had run down all our old songs with him, new stuff ... and he really wanted to do it, he was really into it. We got back to Munich, cut some really nice tracks - but Mick felt, and he was right, that we should still try out somebody else, and that was the time that we worked with Harvey Mandel. And then Ronnie walked in, he'd been up three days - I'd been up for four, and the whole thing just became so obvious ... any other considerations just collapsed.

And it was difficult as far as Wayne was concerned, because Wayne virtually had gotten the job up to that point. Nothing had been said or signed, but he realized it too, because he was there when Ronnie came ... and he saw it too. And no matter how good Wayne Perkins is, and we've got some good tracks with him that we'll probably use for the album ... he still plays very similar to Mick Taylor, maybe a little funkier in places. With Wayne it would have been fifty percent of the people saying he was better than Mick Taylor, and fifty percent of the people would have said he wasn't as good. But with Wayne it just doesn't come into it. But with Ronnie it doesn't even come into it. It doesn't matter whether this or that guitar player is a virtuoso, the *band* is a virtuoso.

HP: You recently said that every minute you weren't on the road you turned more into an alcoholic or a junkie...

Keith: Yes, well what I meant by that was that if I'm not working fairly regularly ... or I've got a huge stretch of time ahead of me where I know that we're not doing any gigs, or if I don't know when is the next time we'll be on stage, I overindulge myself. It drives me crazy not to know when we'll be working on stage. To me a band is only half alive if it's not doing what it's supposed to do, which is play in front of people. And sell a few records on the side. □

(Editor's note: These interviews were conducted at various times during the Summer of 1975, - while on Tour of the Americas with the Rolling Stones.)









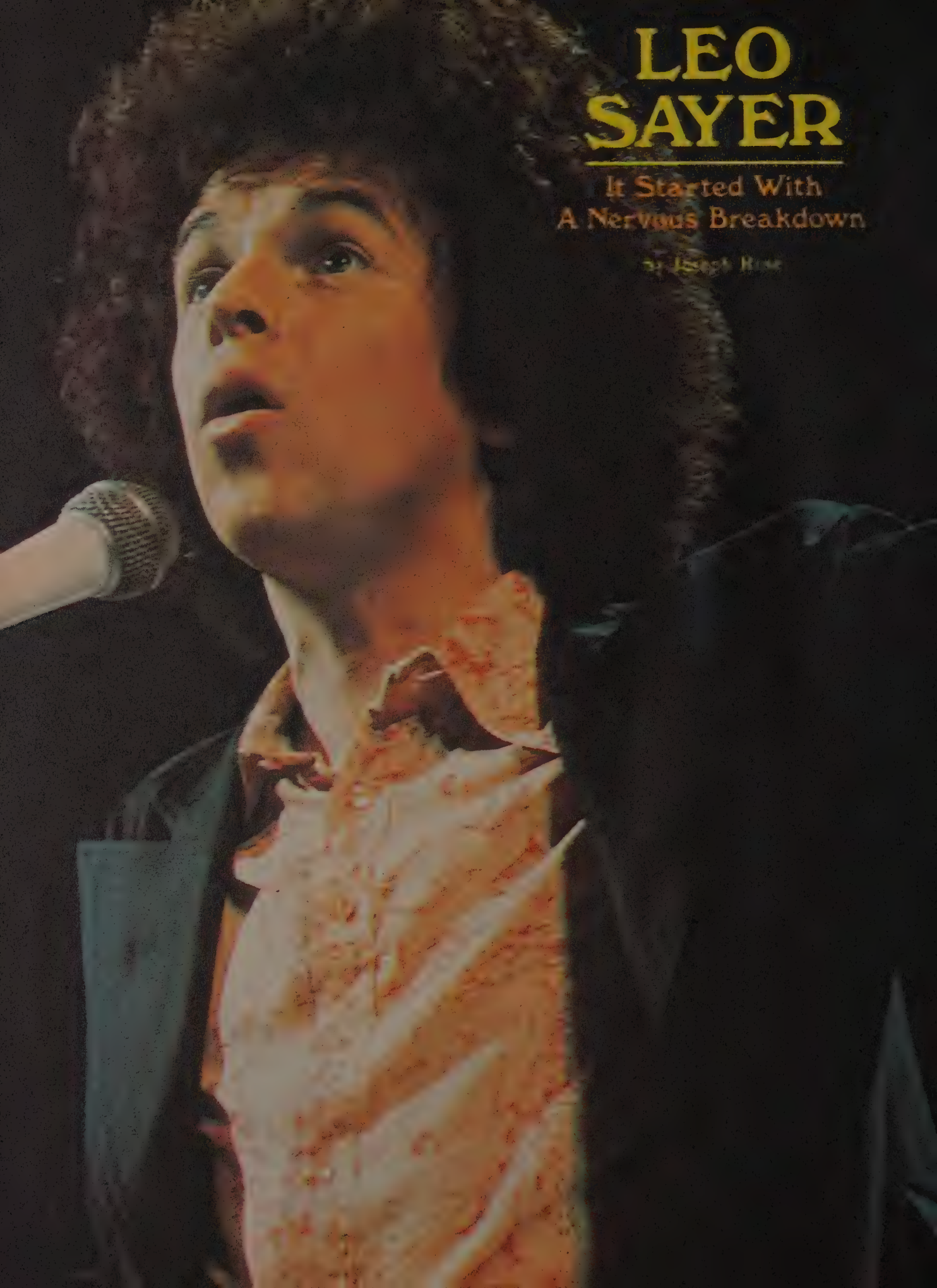








Photos on this page by Annie Leibovitz/Rolling Stone and Christopher Sykes


LEO
SAYER
It Started With
A Nervous Breakdown

"I didn't have to go to a hospital at all," says Leo Sayer. "Some friends of mine looked after me and called a doctor in. I just sort of got very bad. I used to get blackouts and then come home and spend the rest of the day standing in the middle of the room, with the room spinning round.

"And then I'd go to sleep, and I'd maybe sleep for a couple of days. And my memory went. Close friends, I was going, 'Um, um, um, could you, uh," you know. It was really very confusing."

Leo is sitting in our kitchen. He and his wife Janice have dropped by for a spot of tea with Milady and me, and in between bites of Milady's delicious chocolate cake, he is telling the strange story of how he became what he is today: one of the brightest young songwriting and singing stars on the horizon. It turns out that everything started with a nervous breakdown.

Leo painted the cover on his second album, "Just a Boy," and at one time was one of London's top commercial artists. But it was this medium that largely precipitated his mental problems and pushed him into a new area of communication. It all goes back to when he really was just a boy.

"I was born in a little town called Shoreham - by - Sea in Suxxex. In fact, I live very close to there now. I live in Brighton, which is also right on the English Channel. Both places, on a clear day you think you can see France, but you can't really because it's just too far away. My father was a hospital electrician, so we lived on the grounds of the hospital.

"It was about five miles from Brighton, which is a seaside resort. You probably know about it from 'The Entertainer,' that movie with Sir Laurence Olivier. And you know the Who's album, 'Quadrophenia,' that's about Jimmy going down to Brighton, where all the mods used to go. I used to be a mod and go down there even though it was only a few miles away.

"Anyway, I went to school, and in my secondary school, the equivalent to your high school, I started being rather good at art. It became my master subject, and I got top grades on my examinations and at 16 I left school and went straight to art college. And there I hoped that I would be a fine artist, but in fact they put me into commerical art, and I became a graphic designer, an illustrator.

"It was at that time that I first started taking an active interest in music and picked up a harmonica. Everybody was sort of playing Bob Dylan, you know. Just before I went to college, my older cousin David played a Bob Dylan record for me. It was the first Dylan album, which was years and years and years ago, and I sort of picked up on that. And I heard that song, "Song to Woody," you know, and I thought, 'Ummm, this is quite interesting. I must get into this.' And I started listening to Leadbelly, and then Cisco Houston and Sonny Terry eventually.

"My first interest was harmonica. I was playing it before I actually went to college, but it was during the time I was at college that I actually sort of really got the hang of it. And after sort of playing around with it for two years, I could do the vamping and train whistle sort of things.

"I left art college after two years, mostly because it created frustration. I couldn't really sort of do anything creative. They had us doing these boring things like boat show posters and posters to try and sell cheese, and stickers for cars. It was really sort of creatively dead.

"So I left college and I got a job immediately in Brighton as an illustrator, and I started to get into illustration. And then I left my hometown and moved up to London. And the next three years I was in London. I think I must have lived in every single part of London. And I spend a lot of that time just completely on my own.

"I don't know if you've ever seen those English magazines, like Nova and Honey. I used to do sort of book type illustrations, the cooking page, things like that. I was pretty good, actually, and I was sought after. It was quite a good life in a way. But I was spending all my social life in my job as well. I was spending all my time doing it. And eventually I was working all night and all day and then I had the nervous breakdown and sort of packed it in."

Somehow in the midst of all the work Leo still found a little time to pursue the harmonica. He started going to some of the folk clubs in London where amateurs could get on stage. "I remember my very first time I ever set a foot on stage. I played an excrutiatingly boring train blues or something for about 15 to 20 minutes. And the whole place stood up and clapped.

"It was at a place called Les Cousings it was supposed to be pronounced the French way, but everybody called it 'Less Cuzins' which was a folk club in London, the equivalent, I suppose, to Folk City in Greenwich Village (New York). It was *the* place. Dylan once played there. That's where Bert Jansch, John Renbourne, Donovan, everybody, all started. It was in Greek Street, just below a limbo place."

The music was just an occasional thing until the crisis, which Leo explains came from "overwork and stress and a lot of loneliness and being very hung up — and a lack of any creative sort of thing to give out."

"About that time I was starting to write. I was writing poems and short stories. And I wrote a book about a girl that I'd known. And, ummm, an unfortunate occurrence there. She went away to France and she committed suicide. That later came out as "The Dancer," a song on the first album, 'Silverbird.'

"That was my first sort of literary excursion, and I suppose that was a good time for me, because I was finding a creative outlet again. That sort of started the creative ball rolling again — I suppose in a completely different direction, because I gave up painting. Every time I looked at a piece of paper, I just lost the ability to draw. It just disappeared in the breakdown.

"It was the endless work I had been doing, I suppose. It was a very automated thing I was doing in the end. I could draw a happy face in one minute flat without even having to look at the paper. It was just like signing an autograph — a totally automatic gesture. So I turned to the writing. I thought I could get things out of me that way.

"And about the same time, I started getting involved in electric music. I was the harmonica player in the Homesick James (a famous American bluesman) type band just down the street who called themselves Terraplane Blues. I was the one nearest the microphone, so they said, "Well, we can't sing; you'd better sing.'

"So there I was standing up there on stage singing out old blues like Jimmy Witherspoon's 'Evening' and Otis Rush songs and Buddy Guy songs and things like that. But every night I'd start changing the words. I couldn't sing the words that were down there. I started writing my own words and putting my own sort of little bits in. When I'd been sort of hanging around all day, I'd start singing, 'Well, I've been hanging around all day.'" Leo sings this line in his best funky black blues voice and then breaks up laughing. Janice smiles sweetly.

"And all of a sudden it was me putting out my music. And I started looking back at some of the poems that I'd scribbled down on pieces of paper late at night, sitting with my trousers rolled down on the john. (Another pause for a laugh) It was the only place I could write. And I started looking afresh at the things I was writing, and they all suddenly leapt out as songs.

"I started writing with a guitarist in the band, this guy called Max. And Max and I got very friendly. He was sort of a typical Eric Clapton-type blues guitarist. And I was, I suppose, a typical Keith Relf-type singer and harmonica player. And we moved from band to band and were sort of best friends.

"I met Janice through Max, actually, funnily enough." Leo smiles over at his silent companion, who seems to be doing a deep blush. "Janice was going out with Max. And uh, then Max and I formed a band called Patches with what we thought were the best musicians on the South Coast. I'd moved back home by that time, gotten out of the London scene. And we put the band together and did a few sort of local village hops, which were sort of big time in those days. You did sort of like $20, $30 a night if you were good, and you'd probably get one gig every three weeks.

Then I saw this ad in the local paper. They were advertising for performers to audition — band, strippers, comedians, anything. It turned out the guy holding the audition was this guy called Dave Courtney. And I went along to the audition with my band, and we seemed to be the winners of the audition. We seemed to be what he thought he was looking for.

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BRAZIL

(As recorded by The Ritchie Family/20th Century)

S.K. RUSSELL
ARY BARROSO

Brazil
Where hearts were entertaining June
We stood beneath an amber moon
And softly murmured "Someday soon"
We kissed and clung together
Then tomorrow was another day
The morning found me miles away
With still a million things to say
Now when twilight dims the sky above
Recalling thrills of our love
There's one thing I'm certain of
Return I will to old Brazil.

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I'M SORRY

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

It's cold here in the city
It always seems that way
And I've been thinkin' about you almost ev'ry day
Thinkin' about the good times
Thinkin' about the rain
Thinkin' about how bad it feels alone again
I'm sorry for the way things are in China
I'm sorry things ain't what they used to be
But more than anything else I'm sorry for myself
'Cause you're not here with me.
Our friends all ask about you
I say you're doin' fine
I expect to hear from you almost any time
But they all know I'm cryin'
That I can't sleep at night
They all know I'm dyin' down deep inside
I'm sorry for all the lies I told you
I'm sorry for the things I didn't say
But more than anything else I'm sorry for myself
I can't believe you went away.

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IT DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE

(As recorded by Linda Ronstadt)

PAUL ANKA

There you go and baby, here am I
Well, you left me here so I could sit and cry
Well, golly gee, what have you done to me?
I guess it doesn't matter any more.

Do you remember, baby, last September
How you held me tight each and ev'ry night
Well, oh baby, how you drove me crazy
I guess it doesn't matter any more.

There's no use in me a cryin'
I've done ev'rything and now I'm sick of tryin'
I've thrown away my nights
Wasted all my days over you
Now you go your way and I'll go mine
Now and forever till the end of time
I'll find somebody new and baby, we'll say we're through
And you won't matter any more.

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SOLITAIRE

(As recorded by The Carpenters)

NEIL SEDAKA
PHIL CODY

There was a man, a lonely man
Who lost his love through his indiff'rence
A heart that cared that went unshared
Until it died within his silence.

And solitaire's the only game in town
And ev'ry road that takes him takes him down
While life goes on around him ev'ryhwere
He's playing solitaire
And keeping to himself begins to deal
And still the king of hearts is well concealed
Another losing game comes to an end
And he deals them out again.

A little hope goes up in smoke
Just how it goes goes without saying
There was a man, a lonely man
Who would command the hand he's playing.

And solitaire's the only game in town
And ev'ry road that takes him takes him down
While life goes on around him ev'rywhere
He's playing solitaire.

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THIS WILL BE

(As recorded by Natalie Cole/Capitol)

MARVIN YANCY
CHUCK JACKSON

This will be an everlasting love
This will be the one I've waited for
This will be the first time anyone has loved me oh.

I'm so glad he found me in time
I'm so glad that he rectified my mind
This will be an everlasting love for me oh.
Loving you is some kind of wonderful
Because you've shown me just how much you care
You've given me the thrill of a life time and made me believe you've got more thrills to spare, oh
This will be an everlasting love
Oh yes it will now.
You've brought a lot of sunshine into my life
You've filled me with happiness I never knew
You gave me more joy than I ever dreamed of
And no one, no one can take the place of you
This will be you and me
Yes-sir-ree, eternally
Hugging and squeezing and kissing and pleasing
Together forever through rain or whatever
This will be you and me
So long as I'm living my love I'll be giving to you
I'll be serving 'cause you're so deserving.

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GONE AT LAST

(As recorded by Paul Simon and Phoebe Snow & The Jessy Dixon Singers)

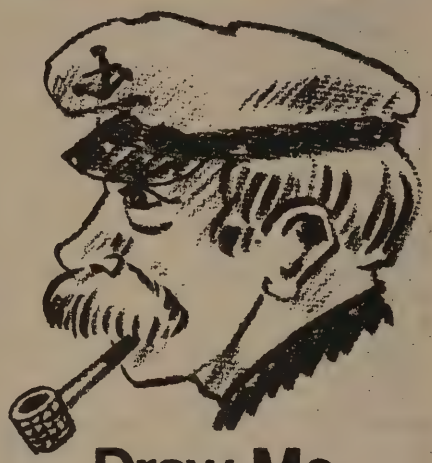
PAUL SIMON

The night was black
The road was icy
And the snow was falling
And the drifts were high
And I was weary
From my driving
And I stopped to rest for awhile
I sat down at a truck stop
I was thinking about my past
I've had a long streak of bad luck
But I'm prayin', it's gone at last.
Gone, gone at last
Gone at last, gone at last
Gone at last
I've had a long streak of that bad luck
But I'm prayin' it's gone at last.
I ain't dumb
I've kicked around some
I don't fall too easily
But that boy looked so dejected
He just grabbed my sympathy
Sweet little soul now
What's your problem
Tell me why you're so downcast
I've had a long streak of bad luck
But I'm prayin' it's gone at last.
(Repeat chorus)

Every once in a while
From the middle of nowhere
When you don't expect it
And you're unprepared
Somebody will come and lift you higher
And your burdens will be shared
Yes I do believe if I hadn't met you
I might still be sinking fast
I've had a long streak of bad luck
But I'm prayin' it's gone at last.
(Repeat chorus)

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(I Believe) THERE'S NOTHING STRONGER THAN OUR LOVE

(As recorded by Paul Anka and Odia Coates/United Artists)

PAUL ANKA

I believe there's nothing stronger than our love
I believe there's nothing stronger than our love.

When I'm with you baby all my worries disappear
Troubles that surround me disappear when you are near
When you need my lovin' I'll be there you know
When you need my lovin' you know where to go.

I believe there's nothing stronger than our love
(Girl: I believe it)
I believe there's nothing stronger than our love
(Girl: I do believe it)
I believe there's nothing stronger than our love
(Girl: Baby I believe it).
When I'm full of sadness, nice to know you're always there
In this world of madness nice to know somebody cares
When I need your lovin' you'll be there I know
When I need your lovin' I'll know where to go.

When I'm with you baby, oooh you make me feel so good
When I'm with you baby, you give me what nobody could
When you need my lovin' I'll be there you know
(Girl: You know)
When you need my lovin' you know where to go
(Girl: To go).
(Repeat chorus)

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BAD SNEAKERS

(As recorded by Steely Dan/ABC)

DONALD FAGEN
WALTER BECKER

Five names that I can hardly stand to hear
Including yours and mine and one more chimp who isn't here
I can see the ladies talking
How the times are getting hard
And that fearsome excavation on Magnolia Blvd.

And I'm going insane
And I'm laughing at the frozen rain
And I'm so alone honey
When they gonna send me home.

Bad sneakers and the Pina Colada
My friend stomping on the avenue by Radio City
With a transistor and a large sum of money to spend.

You fella you tearing up the street
You wear that white tuxedo
How you gonna beat the heat
Do you take me for a fool
Do you think that I don't see
That ditch out in the valley
That they're digging just for me.
(Repeat chorus)

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WHAT A DIFF'RENCE A DAY MAKES

(As recorded by Esther Phillips/Kudu)

STANLEY ADAMS
MARIA GREVER

I dreaded ev'ry morning
Until without a warning
You arrived bringing heaven to my door
And you changed all my blue notes to a love song
It's the dawning that I've waited for.
What a diff'rence a day makes
Twenty four little hours
Brought the sun and the flowers
Where there used to be rain
My yesterday was blue dear
Today I'm part of you dear
My lonely nights are thru dear
Since you said you were mine
What a diff'rence a day makes
There's a rainbow before me
Skies above can't be stormy
Since that moment of bliss
That thrilling kiss
It's heaven when you
Find romance on your menu
What a diff'rence a day makes
And the diff'rence is you.

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LADY BLUE

(As recorded by Leon Russell/Shelter/MCA)

LEON RUSSELL

Well, you're showing me a diff'rent side
Even asked if the flame has died
You're getting used to me baby
But you just a-wait and see, lady
'Cause I've been in love before
And I love you a whole lot more
So, if you want it to be real good to you
When I'm layin' here makin' love to you
Listen real close to me, baby.

You just a-wait and see, Lady
I got a whole lot of love to give you
I got a whole life to spend if you'll just
let me sing sweet love songs
Lady blue, oh, sing a love song
Lady blue.

I want to get it straight right now, oh baby
'Cause I love you more and more and more
Lady Blue.

Sad Lady, Blue Lady
Sing me a love song
I just want you to know that I love you
more and more and more and more.

So if you want it to be real good to you
When I'm layin' here makin' love to you
Listen real close to me, baby.

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MONEY

(As recorded by Gladys Knight & The Pips/Buddah)

EUGENE McDANIELS

Money is the root of all evil
Evil is the root of most people
So I've been told, I don't know
Get good, get good
Money is the key to Hollywood
Expensive cars and fancy homes
Out here on the Strip ev'rybody's hip
Nearly ev'rybody stays stoned
Ev'rything is ev'rything
Just as long as you get some bread
The ladies and the gents pay their compliments
And they work right on your head
Money is the root of all evil
Evil is the root of most people
So I've been told, I don't know
Get good, get good.
Money is the key to politics
And the gangster with the gun in his hand
People turnin' tricks just to get some kicks
And it's spreadin' all over the land
We all need a little money
It's oh so sad but true
Prices are so high, costs too much to die
It's the last thing that we do
Money is the root of all evil
Evil is the root of most people
So I've been told, I don't know
Get good, get good.

Money, money, money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money, money, money.

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YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by Graham Central Station/Warner Bros.)

LARRY GRAHAM

Your love means so much to me, girl
And your kiss oh, baby, means so much to me - he - he
Your touch, your touch, your tender touch.

Ev'ry time you leave, a you leave a me wanting
Ev'ry time you leave, a you leave a me wanting
Ev'ry time you leave, a you leave a me wanting
More and more and more and more and more and more and more.

If my love, if my love means so much to you
Then why, then why, then why love
Do you do the things you do and my kiss.

Every time you leave
I leave you wanting more and more and more and more and more.

I'm talking 'bout your love, love, love, love, love
And what it means to me
Your love, your love, your tender love
And what it means to me
And your kiss, your kiss, your kiss.

Ev'ry time you leave, a you leave a me wanting
Ev'ry time you leave, a you leave a me wanting
Ev'ry time you leave, a you leave a me wanting
More and more and more and more and more and more and more.

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HOW LONG (Betcha Got A Chick On The Side)

(As recorded by Pointer Sisters)

ANITA POINTER
BONNIE POINTER
DAVID RUBINSON

Betcha got a chick on the side
Sure you got a chick
I know you got a chick on the side.
I know you want us both
And I know the reason why
I can give you so much lovin'
I know why you want her
But presents she can buy you
How much money can buy
Last night you're in my arms
Tonight I'm all alone.
How long will this game go on?
How long?
How long?
How long?
Oh, oh how long?
Oh how long?

I saw you don't you try to hide
Don't hide it from me no, no, no
You thought you were hidin', hidin', hidin' from me.
And it's plain, plain enough to see
That you're not the man for me
(I'll have to find another)
I can't keep playin' games
That keep my heart in pain
(My sister saw your brother)
I want to turn and walk away
But it's harder to do than it is to say.
(Repeat chorus)
It might hurt me for a while
But of one thing I am sure
(Oh, how I'm gonna miss you)
I'll get over you, yes I'll find someone new
(I might break down and cry, cry, cry)
Each time I open up my heart
It seems to just get torn apart.
(Repeat chorus)

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THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

(As recorded by William "Smokey" Robinson/Tamla)

WILLIAM "SMOKEY" ROBINSON

What's it all about this crazy love?
How did our two worlds entwine?
How do I fit in to your life?
How did you get into mine?
I belong to someone else we know.
Back when first we met
We thought for fun one night together might be nice
Oh but fun turned into love for both of us
So now we pay forbidden lovers' price
Ah 'cause love like ours is never, ever free
You pay some agony for the ecstacy
Love like ours is never, ever free
You got to pay some agony for the ecstacy.
But you love me still and I love you
You know I would no matter where I'd be
Nights when you're alone you know that I lay with someone else beside me
Hey but love like ours is never, ever free
You got to pay some agony for the ecstacy.
Love like ours is never, ever free
We got to pay some agony if we want to have the ecstacy
Hey got to pay some agony if we wanna have ecstacy
Yeah we need each other desperately, don't we baby?
And I'll never from you be free
No, no so you'll have to do the leavin' me
Yeah and you'll have to do the leavin' me
Oh baby 'cause I'm gonna pay the agony yeah
'Cause oh loving you is ecstacy that's what it is
And I'm willing to pay the price
'Cause I'll make any sacrifice oh yes I will and I'll never, never, never, never, never, never, never be free from you.

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I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU

(As recorded by Art Garfunkel/Columbia)

AL DUBIN
HARRY WARREN

My love must be a kind of blind love
I can't see anyone but you
And dear, I wonder if you find love
An optical illusion too?
Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear
The moon may be high, but I can't see a thing in the sky
'Cause I only have eyes for you.
I don't know if we're in a garden
Or on a crowded avenue
You are here, so am I
Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes for you.
(Repeat chorus)

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OUT OF TIME

(As recorded by Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARD

You don't know what's going on
You've been away for much too long
You can't come back and think you are still mine
You're out of touch my baby
My poor old fashioned baby
I said baby, baby, baby
You're out of time.

Well baby, baby
You're out of time
I said baby, baby you're out of time.

You are left out yes you are
I said you're left out of there without a doubt
'Cause baby, baby you're out of time, time.

You thought you were a clever girl
You're giving up your social whirl
But you can't come back and be the first in line

You're obsolete my baby
My poor unfaithful baby.
(Repeat chorus)

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I LIKE IT LIKE THAT

(As recorded by Loggins & Messina/Columbia)

CHRIS KENNER
ALLEN TOUSSAINT

The name of the place is I Like It Like That.

Now I know a place across the track
The name of the place is I Like It Like That
You take Sally, and I'll take Sue
And we're gonna rock away all our blues
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
The name of the place is I Like It Like That.

Now the last time I was down there, I lost my shoes
They had this cat playin' the blues
The people was yelling, shoutin' for more
And all I could say was "Wow"
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
The name of the place is I Like It Like That.
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
Come on, come on, let me show you where it's at
The name of the place is I Like It Like That.

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TO EACH HIS OWN

(As recorded by Faith, Hope & Charity/RCA)

G. BECKLEY

To each his own it's plain to see
To walk alone you have to be
It's all for you and all for me
You'll see.
I'm gonna miss you, yes I will
No matter who you are
I'll love you still
For my life is my conscience
The seeds I sow
I just wanted to let you know.

Familiar faces that I've seen
Turning red and turning green
They just got caught with writing on their sleeve
I guess I'll leave.

I'm gonna miss you, yes I will
No matter who you are
I'll love you still
Will you cancel my papers
And lock the door
'Cause I ain't gonna be round no more.

Will I make it through the summer
Breaking ties with the old and new?
Losing one just gains another
There is nothing I can do.

I'm gonna miss you, yes I will
No matter who you are
I'll love you still
For my life is my conscience
The seeds I sow
I just wanted to let you know.

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SAME THING IT TOOK

(As recorded by Impressions/Curtom)

CHARLES JACKSON
MARVIN YANCY
[illegible] TO [illegible]

If you start each morning with a kiss
And you end each night with a smile
Well, that's gonna be your trademark boy, for a long, long while
And if she was happy when you met her, my friend
Then you oughta try to keep her that way
Or she'll bring sadness into your life if she goes astray
Now I'm not try'n' to be a know-it-all my friend
And I'm not trying to be smart
I'm just try'n' to help a man who's got a broken heart.

The same thing it took to get your baby hooked
Gonna take the same thing to keep her
The same thing it took to get your baby hooked
Gonna take the same thing to keep her.

Flowers are pretty and candy's sweet
But if there ever was a first time, my [illegible]
Then there surely oughta be a repeat
If it took diamonds to get her as she was walking by
Then there'd better be some diamonds in the little girls' life
Or she's gon' look at you and wonder why
Now if you can just be yourself
And do the very best you can
She won't expect a whole lot from you
She'll respect you as a man.
The same thing it took to get your baby hooked
Gonna take the same thing to keep her.

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(Baretta's Theme) KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE SPARROW

(As recorded by Merry Clayton)

MORGAN AMES
DAVE GRUSIN

Don't go to bed with no price on your head
(Don't do it)
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
Keep your eye on the sparrow
When the going gets narrow.

Don't roll the dice if you can't pay the price
(Don't do it)
Don't run your feet down a deadend street
Keep your eye on the sparrow
When the going gets narrow.
Don't do me dirt or you're gonna get hurt
(Don't do it)
Don't run away till you hear what I say
Keep your eye on the sparrow
When the going gets narrow.

Ain't gonna fight with no thief in the night
(Won't do it)
I'm gonna go where the cold wind don't blow
Keep your eye on the sparrow.

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ALVIN STONE (Birth And Death Of A Gangster)

(As recorded by Fantastic Four/20th Cent./Westbound)

AL KENT
CALVIN COLBERT

Alvin Stone, birth of a gangster
Leave him alone
'Cause he's a sho-nuff gangster.

Alvin wasn't outta knee pants good
Before he was runnin' wild
As far as we could see back
He was always a problem child
They say Alvin was born and raised
He was raised from a bad bad seed
One more around this ghetto is a one thing we don't need
Talkin' 'bout.
(Repeat chorus)

What-cha doing with a gun in your hand
Don't you know you'll go to jail.

Anything I see I want
I'm gonna take it yes I will
Life's been hard on me
Lord I know I'm gonna make it
I don't care what they say or what they call me
No, no, no, no.
Don't blame me for what I am
Blame it on society
Talkin' 'bout.
(Repeat chorus)

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CHOCOLATE CHIP

(As recorded by Isaac Hayes/Hot Buttered Soul/ABC)

ISAAC HAYES

I'm mean, I'm clean
I'm a rocking sex machine
I'm the slickest player in the street
I've got back from way back
And my wardrobe stays intact.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

I keeps a bad ride and big money in my slide
I got diamonds fit for a king
I can sing, I can dance
I'm the god father of romance.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

I'm fast, I've got class
And a cold blooded pad
In every room a color tv
And you can really get down
With my collection of latest sounds.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

I gotta strong reputation all across the nation
I'm even known across the sea
I got gals from all the races
You see they come from a lot of places.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

I'm a lover for hire
I'll set your soul on fire
Then chill you like it's 32 degrees
I'm one of a kind
I'll really wreck your mind.

You ain't never had a nigger like me
What's my name?
Chocolate Chip, Chocolate Chip
What's my game
Master rip, master rip.

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WHO LOVES YOU

(As recorded by Four Seasons/Warner Bros.)

BOB GAUDIO
JUDY PARKER

Who loves you pretty baby
Who's gonna help you through the night?
Who loves you pretty mama
Who's always there to make it right?
Who loves you pretty baby
Who's gonna help you through the night?
Who loves you pretty mama
Who's always there to make it right?
Who loves you.

Who loves you pretty baby?
Who's gonna love you mama?
Who loves you?
Who loves you pretty baby?
When tears are in your eyes
And you can't find the way
It's hard to make believe you're happy when you're grey
Baby when you're feeling like you'll never see the morning light
Come to me.

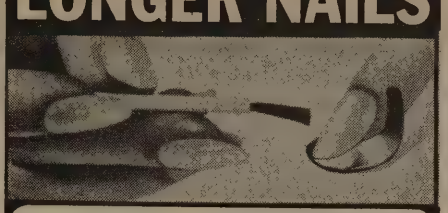
Baby you'll see
Who loves you pretty baby
Who's gonna help you through the night?
Who loves you pretty mama
Who's always there to make it
Who loves you?
Who loves you pretty baby?
Who's gonna love you mama?
Who loves you?
Who loves you pretty baby?

And when you think the whole wide world has passed you by
You keep on trying but you really don't know why
Baby when you a need a smile to help the shadows drift away
Come to me.
Baby you'll see
Who loves you pretty baby
Who's gonna help you through the night?
Who loves you pretty mama
Who's always there to make it
Who loves you?
Who loves you pretty baby?
Who's gonna love you, love you
Who's gonna love you?
Who loves you?
Who's gonna love you, love you
Who's gonna love you?

Baby, baby
Do do do do come to me
Baby, baby
Do do do do come to me.

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(I'm Going By) THE STARS IN YOUR EYES

(As recorded by Ron Banks & The Dramatics/ABC)

TONY HESTER

Sagittarius, Virgo, maybe Scorpio
I wouldn't care if you were Aquarius
I'm still in love with you
As sure as you were born you could be Gemini
But even if you were a Capricorn I could never let you go
'Cause I ain't going by those stars in the sky
I'm going by those stars in your eyes.

And I love you
Oh I don't need a second look
'Cause you're what's happening in my book
And I love you.

Taurus, Leo, Pisces it makes no difference girl
If you're in love with me
'Cause that's all I need to know
I will give all my heart and all my love
And I don't care about the stars above
'Cause my love just grows and grows
Ain't going by those stars in the sky
I'm going by those stars in your eyes
I don't give a heck about that old zodiac
'Cause it's what's in your heart girl that's where it's at
And I need you oh I need you, need you, need you
I don't need a second look
'Cause you're what's happening in my book
Ain't going by those stars in the sky
I'm going by those stars in your eyes
I don't give a heck about that old zodiac
'Cause it's what's in your heart girl that's where it's at.

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I AIN'T LYIN'

(As recorded by George McCrae/TK)

HARRY WAYNE CASEY
RICHARD FINCH

I ain't lyin', I ain't lyin' no no no
I ain't lyin' when I say I need you babe
When I say I love you babe.

You're my dream come true
And the apple of my eye
I'll give my love to you girl
But you've got to give me a try
Come on trust me babe
Believe in me oh
You gotta trust me babe
Believe me oh.

Love ain't easy to come by
And this I'm sure you know
I'll give my love to you girl
But you've got to let yourself go
Come on trust me babe
Believe in me oh
You gotta trust me babe
Believe me oh.

Trust me babe
Believe in me oh
You got to
I, I, I ain't lyin'
I wanna hold you babe
I wanna kiss you babe
I wanna squeeze you babe.

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DEPARTMENT OF YOUTH

(As recorded by Alice Cooper/Atlantic)

A. COOPER
D. WAGNER
B. EZRIN

We're in trouble all the time
You read about us in the papers
We walk around and bump into walls
A blind delegation
We ain't afraid of high power
We're bullet proof
And we've never heard of Eisenhower, missle power, justice and truth.

We're the department of youth
Your new department of youth
We're the department of youth
Just me and youth.

We talk about this whole stupid world
And still come out laughing
We never make any sense
But hell, that never mattered
But we'll make it through our blackest hour
We're living proof
And we've never heard of Billy Sunday, Damon Runyon, manners and couth.

We're the department of youth
Your new department of youth
We're the department of youth
Just me and youth
We're the department of youth
The new department of youth
We're the department of youth
We got the power.

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MUSIC IN MY BONES

(As recorded by Joe Simon/Spring)

JOE SIMON
RAEFORD GERALD

The music in my bones and I can't sit down
Come on and sing it one more time if you don't mind
Oh, I'm tryin' so hard to make it to my seat
But my body's shakin' all over and I'm groovin' with the beat
I feel good I really feel good baby.

I like to groove and I like the blues
I like music that puts me in a mood
Oh, excuse me while I do my thing
If you think you can out do me, just step into the ring
Come on and ...
Come on and do it
The band is playin'
Come on and...get on the line
Get set
Let's go
Come on and...
Come on and do it
Come on and...
Oh, I'm really feeling good tonight.

Now I like to groove and I like the blues
I like music that puts me in a mood
Feel so good I'm just a movin' up and down
I'm having such a good time
I can't even sit down
Just let me do my thing.

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DANCE WITH ME

(As recorded by Orleans)

JOHN and JOHANNA HALL

Dance with me, I want to be your partner
Can't you see
The music is just starting
Night is calling and I am falling
Dance with me.

Fantasy could never be so killing
I feel free
I hope that you are willing
Pick the beat up and kick your feet up
Dance with me.

Let it lift you off the ground
Starry eyes, and love is all around us
I can take you where you want to go, go oh.

Dance with me, I want to be your partner
Can't you see
The music is just starting
Night is calling and I am falling
Dance with me.

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THE PROUD ONE

(As recorded by Osmonds)

BOB CREWE
BOB GAUDIO

Livin' is dyin' 'cause love you left me cryin'
Now there's no use tryin' to go on
Each night and day, baby
Pretending there will be a happy ending
Burnin' down deep inside
Got a heart break that I can't hide.

I'm not the proud one, I need you
I'm beggin' to you, baby, please
You're the proud one believe me
This big man is down on his knees, baby, please.

Baby, remember when you were warm and tender
Beggin' me surrender to your charms
You gave me those sweet lips, said use them
Oh, why did I abuse them
Didn't know good from bad, girl
I didn't know what I had.

I'm not the proud one, I need you
I'm beggin' to you, baby, please
You're the proud one believe me
This big man is down on his knees, baby, please.

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DREAMING A DREAM

(As recorded by Crown Heights Affair)

FREIDA NERANGIS
BRIT BRITTON

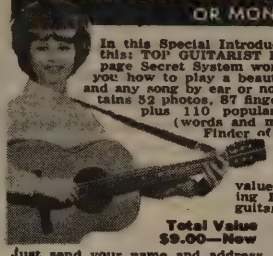
Baby, strange as it seems, I can't stop dreamin' a dream
You and my dreams we'd make such a beautiful team

La da da da da da dreamin' la da da
I can't stop dreamin' oh no
La da da da da da dreamin' la da da
I can't stop dreamin'
Then I imagine the love that we had
When we used to lay in the park by the band

I'm in a dream it's you and me
This is the memory, it's you and me
I had a dream a dream of you and me
Dreamin', dreamin', dreamin' a dream.

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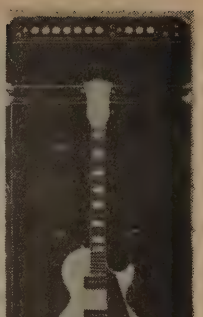
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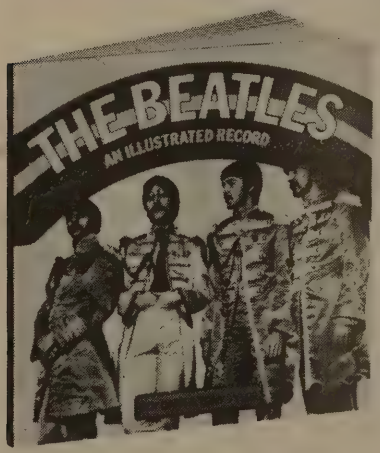
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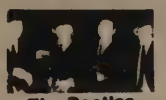
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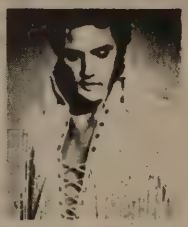


The Beatles

SET 4



SET 5 elvis



SET 6 elvis



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AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY

(As recorded by Helen Reddy)

HARRIET SCHOCK

I guess it was yourself you were involved with
I would've sworn it was me
I might've found out sooner if you'd only let me close enough to see.
That ain't no way to treat a lady
No way to treat your baby, your woman, your friend
That ain't no way to treat a lady, no way
But maybe it's a way for us to end.

I was busy bein' a picture
With all the colors I know
While you were busy lookin' in to wide, blue mirrors
And lovin' the show.
That ain't no way to treat a lady
No way to treat your baby, your woman, your friend
That ain't no way to treat a lady, no way
But maybe it's a way for us to end.
There's a funny kind of consolation keepin' me sane
And I'd really like to share it
Crawl on deep in my brain
And see the times you never felt me lovin' you or needin' you
So leavin' you now you still won't know how to feel the pain.
I was lookin' out for my happiness
While you were lookin' within
And before you knew your own reflection
Always starts to tire you, it had happened again.
(Repeat chorus)

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YOU'RE ALL I NEED TO GET BY

(As recorded by Tony Orlando & Dawn/Elektra)

NICKOLAS ASHFORD
VALERIE SIMPSON

You're all I need to get by
Like the sweet morning dew
I took one look at you and it was plain to see
You were my destiny
With arms open wide I threw away my pride
I'll sacrifice for you
Dedicate my life to you
I will go where you lead
Always there in time of need
And when I lose my will
You'll be there to push me up the hill
There's no, no looking back for us
We got love sure 'nough
That's enough
You're all, you're all I need to get by
All I need to get by.
Like an eagle protects his nest
For you I'll do my best
Stand by you like a tree
And dare anybody to try and move me
Darling in you I found strength where I was torn down
Don't know what's in store
But together we can open any door
Just to do what's good for you
And inspire you a little higher
I know you can make a man
Out of a soul that didn't have a goal
'Cause we, we got the right foundation
And with love and determination
You're all, you're all I want to strive for
And do a little more
All, all the joys under the sun
Wrapp'd up into one
You're all, you're all I need
You're all I need, you're all I need to get by
(All I need to get by).

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I LOVE MAKIN' LOVE TO YOU

(As recorded by Evie Sands/Haven)

BEN WEISMAN
EVIE SANDS
RICHARD GERMINARO

Feels so fine ev'ry time
Ooh I love makin' love to you
Anywhere I don't care
Ooh I love makin' love to you
Ooh the fire in your eyes
Makes my lovin' temper'ture rise
Honey sweet ecstacy
Ooh I love what you're doing to me
(Please don't stop)
Ooh I think that I'm gonna lose control
(Don't cha stop)
Ooh I want you to fill me with your soul.
'Cause there's no lightning or thunder
Any seventh wonder mightier than what you've got
Keep it up forever
No one does it better baby
Get it while it's hot.
Give me more like before
Ooh I love makin' love to you
Makes me feel life is real
Ooh I love makin' love to you
Ooh your heart touchin' mine
Starts the beat of a natural rhyme
Such a sweet melody
Ooh I love when you sing it to me.
(Repeat chorus)

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CHASING RAINBOWS

(As recorded by Blue Magic/Atco)

TED MILLS

I'm chasing rainbows
She passed away and I was so afraid
'Cause there was just no one else who cared
Need someone to talk to 'cause I'm feeling kinda lost

I find myself just running away
Chasing rainbows in the dark
And until the day thee flys I'll wait for you

Until I hold you close again I'll pray for you
Kick off my shoes and sing this song for you

Oh I'm just chasing rainbows
I ain't seen a star as bright as your smile
I'm just chasing rainbows
Like a butterfly zooming through the sky.

She loved fancy shoes and she would smile at me so cool
And when she laughed it just made my day

Days have turned to tear drops falling over than the snow
And ups and downs are getting me down

It's no wonder that I'm old
So until the day thee flys I'll wait for you
Until I hold you close again I'll pray for you
Please help me sing this song for you
Oh I'm just chasing rainbows
I ain't seen a star as bright as your smile
I'm just chasing rainbows
Like a butterfly zooming through the sky.

The only one for me yes I'll be riding around chasing rainbows oh here I go
Like a butterfly
Zooming through the sky oh
I finally found the truth
Loved no one but you slowly losing you.

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OOO LA LA

(As recorded by Betty Wright)

C. REID
W. CLARKE

Honey hurry home
I got to find my, your baby needs, ooo la la
Come and feel my desire
Let your love take me higher
Your baby needs ooo la la
Bring your fine self on home
Let your sweet love turn me on
Been missin' you since you've been gone boy
Ooo la la, la la la la la la la la la
Ooo la la oo
But sometimes I lie but I apologize, forgive me baby oh yeah
But beyond a doubt I just can't do without your sweet ooo la la
Oh I'll make you feel like a king
Just come on babe and do your thing
Hurry home now
Drive me insane
You and your ooo la la, la la la la la la
Sweet la la oo.

Your baby needs love.

Oo thrill me even it it kills me
Use me as long as you groove me
But whatever you do just make sure that you
Me with your ooo la la, la la la la la la.

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DAISY JANE

(As recorded by America)

GERRY BECKLEY

Flyin' me back to Memphis
Tryin' to find my Daisy Jane
Our summer's gone and I hope she's feelin' the same
Well, I laughed to just turn on the city
Thinkin' it would ease the pain
I'm a crazy man and I'm playin' my crazy game, game
Does she really love me or think she does
Like the stars above me I know because
When the sky heels bright, ev'rything's all right.

Honey keep the oven warm
All the clouds are clearin' and I think we're over the storm
Well, I been pickin' it up around me
Lazy I think I'm safe and I'm awful glad
I guess you're really to blame, blame
Do you really love me I hope you do
Like the stars above me how I love you
When it's cold at night ev'rything's all right.

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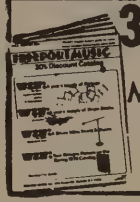
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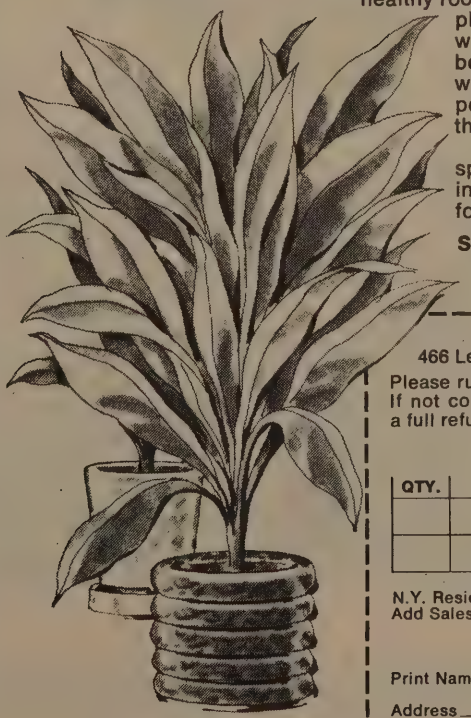
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- ☐ Marty Robbins
- ☐ Sammy Davis Jr.
- ☐ Chuck Negron
- ☐ Jose Feliciano
- ☐ David Cassidy
- ☐ Merle Haggard
- ☐ Charley Pride
- ☐ Roy Clark
- ☐ Billy Crash Craddock
- ☐ Tom T. Hall
- ☐ Ringo Starr
- ☐ Billy Swan
- ☐ Barry Manilow
- ☐ Frankie Crocker
- ☐ Johnny Mathes
- ☐ Barry White
- ☐ Olivia Newton John
- ☐ Helen Reddy
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- ☐ Tammy Wynett
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- ☐ Jim Croche
- ☐ John Lennon
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- ☐ Three Dog Night
- ☐ Rolling Stones
- ☐ Average White Band
- ☐ The Grand Funk
- ☐ Electric Light Orchestra
- ☐ Ohio Players
- ☐ The Spinners
- ☐ Smokey Robinson
- ☐ Righteous Brothers
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- ☐ Brooks Robinson
- ☐ Tom Severs

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- ☐ Terry Bradshaw
- ☐ Franco Harris
- ☐ Joe Greene
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- ☐ Allan Page
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(continued from page 43)

"This management firm had been set up, called AMC Limited, by David's father, who'd been into show business. And he wanted to sort of set something up for his son. So after the audition was over and we sort of were the only band left in the hall, Dave came up to me and said, 'Well, you know, we really sort of liked you. We think the band's great and everything.'

" 'Oh yeah? Thank you, Mr. Courtney, sir.' He's really a year younger than I am, that's the funny thing. But he was rich then, you know, and I didn't have any money. I was just a kid off the streets. I never quite did know completely what his father, Alex, did, but he was a pretty wealthy man. Alex — he's dead now — used to sort of run used-car firms. And David used to sell cars and do a little bit of this, a little bit of that. One thing he did was play drums in Adam Faith's backing band, the Roulettes.

"Well, I was writing songs with Max, the guitarist in Patches, and when I found out that David was writing songs as well, I thought I'd try and write with him to see what would happen. And David's melodies immediately hit me, because they're really strong, you know. It was about that time we wrote all the first songs for 'Silverbird,' songs like 'Innocent Bystander,' which he just sort of played out to me.

"I said, 'Oh great!' and put all the lyrics to it and made the vocal line and helped him arrange it. And we started sort of writing some things down. And then we went down to see Adam, because he lived nearby and David said he might be able to give us some good advice on where to go next."

Adam Faith knew a lot about the music business, from first-hand experience. He had once been a teen-age pop idol in Britain himself and after going through the mill had been cast aside, as pop stars often are. But this feisty Cockney bantamweight wouldn't stay down. First he made a comeback as a Tom Jones-type housewife heartthrob singer. Then he turned to acting and starred in a hugely successful British television series called "Budgie," which for some silly reason still hasn't been brought to the States. You may have seen him playing David Essex's rough and tumble manager in the movie "Stardust."

"Adam was quite impressed," continued Leo. "A funny guy, he didn't seem to sort of say very much at first. But we were just leaving the house in the car and he suddenly ran out of the house and said, 'I just made a phone call. You're in this studio tomorrow night. You're cutting your first single.' And I was sitting in the car, saying, 'What? What?' All of a sudden it came, you know, from nowhere.

"So we went into the studio the next night with Patches. We recorded a single out of the session, which is ironically called 'Living in America,' a song which David wrote, and English Warner Bros. got it released. I think it sold 40 copies. Me mum bought about 35, probably 39. I think I bought one.

"And that was our first single. Quite a few people wrote up nice things about us — the miniscule local press and one or two of the music newspapers. Melody Maker did a review. And it got played on the BBC as well."

"Once," says Janice softly.

"Once," repeats Leo. "And ummm, straight after that, undeterred by our nonsuccess, we went into the studio and started work on the album. We put down about five or six tracks, and as time flowed on, we were — particularly Adam, myself and Dave — slowly getting to know each other, feel each other out, find out what each other were interested in. Adam was very interested in my voice. David was very interested in writing. The only thing that wasn't working out was the other guys in the group.

"Slowly Patches became Leo Sayer. The band fell away and just Leo Sayer solo was left. So what was to be the first album by Patches, 'Tomorrow Is the First Day of the Rest of Your Life,' you know,

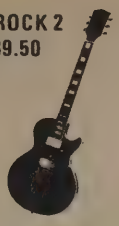




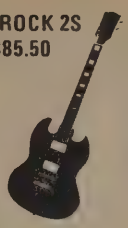
like the song 'Tomorrow,' slowly became the Leo Sayer solo album, 'Silverbird.'

Adam Faith signed on as Leo's and David's manager, and immediately had to get down to the nitty-gritty of contracts and career - building. There were still a few twists and turns ahead for Leo before he finally got to his hit single, "Long Tall Glasses," and became a star performer. But the tea is all drunk up, every crumb of Milady's cake has been picked off the plates and Leo's voice is starting to crack from telling his long story. So our soiree is temporarily adjourned.□

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Henry Boye is a top writer and record producer whose songs have appeared on many major labels. He is General Manager of Hankbee Music and A&R Man for Johnson Records and Conn Records.

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(continued from page 27)

mine. I would like to have a gun and polish it and check the rounds in the chambers before I went out on a dangerous mission. And I'd like to pull birds you know. And I'd like to be able to play chemin de fer. And I'd like to drive a Bentley.

"You see, Martin (Martin Lancelot Barre, Jethro Tull's rosy-cheeked dumpling of a guitarist) carries his Bond fantasies even further than I do. He actually owns the same model of Bentley that James Bond had. But Martin's so small that he has to put cushions on the seat so he can see out the window when he drives it, which kind of is ... I mean, that is the most beautiful thought. Can you accept that Martin is fulfilling his Bond fantasy with that big car, which he looks after and polishes, and yet he sits on cushions to see out the window.

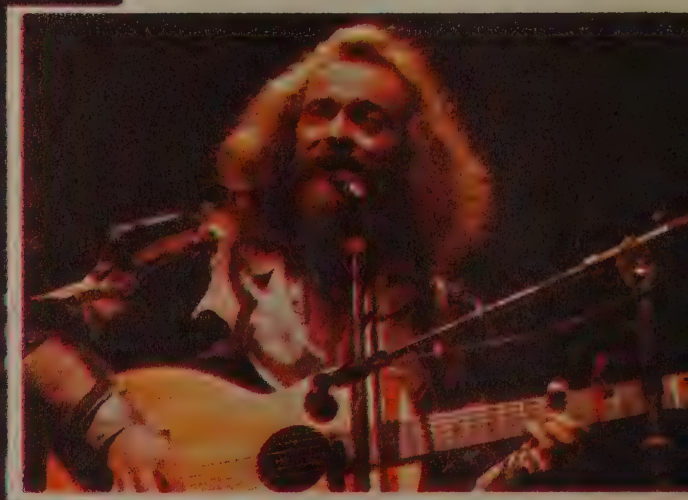
"You know, if there was ever a Buddhist flower, then that's it. That really is it. That's so lovely. I smile. I'm smiling now, you see (he was), to think of that, because to me that is the purity and the essence of the human spirit. It is contained in that notion that I've just painted for you."

Turning him back to the subject of reading, I asked whether he ever read anything heavier than James Bond — maybe philosophy or religion?

"No, I don't. I read a lot of books, but I just pick up paperbacks from airport book stands. I read once a small book on comparative religions, and all it did was tell me the names of what people call themselves. But it didn't express any ideas that were new to me. I don't believe that I learned anything really from that book other than the labels to attach to certain notions that had already occurred to me at a much earlier age.

"I'm nobody special. I'm nothing. I'm not a philosopher. I'm not even a writer or a musician of any note. I'm just Joe Blow. I'm just Mr. Average. And I pick up books off news agents, or whatever you call them. I declare myself open only to the same availability or the same available knowledge, only the written material and the ideas that are as accessible to everybody out there on Sunset Boulevard as they are to me. I don't have special access to any information, and any information that I do review, I necessarily do so cynically. And that's why I'm reasonably sane." □



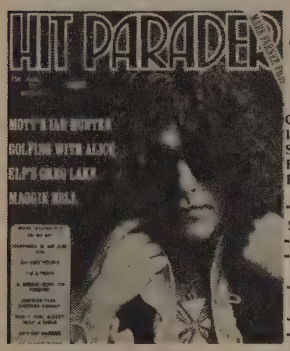


Andrew Kent



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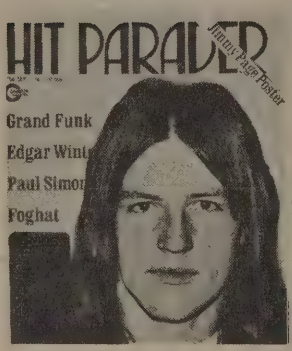
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AUG. 74

Greg Lake
Ian Hunter
Steve Miller
Focus
Ray Davies

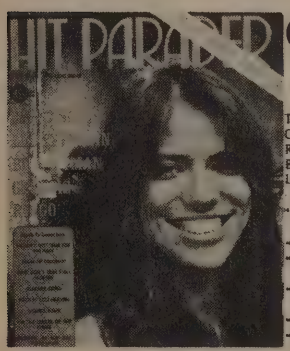
"Another Park, Another Sunday"
"Dancing Machine"
"Don't You Worry 'Bout A Thing"
"If You Love Me, Let Me Know"
"Jet"
"Oh My My"



SEPT. 74

David Bowie
Bachman/Turner Overdrive
Grand Funk Railroad
The Rolling Stones
Deep Purple

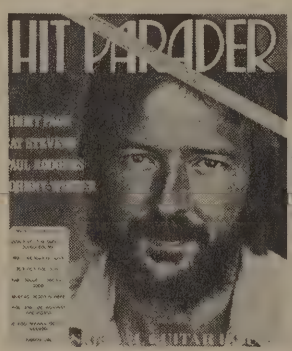
"The Air That I Breathe"
"Band On The Run"
"Help Me"
"My Girl Bill"
"Summer Breeze"
"Teenage Love Affair"



OCT. 74

Todd Rundgren
Carly Simon
Ringo Starr
Bill Wyman
Led Zeppelin

"Haven't Got Time For The Pain"
"On And On"
"Rikki Don't Lose That Number"
"Workin' At The Car Wash Blues"
"Annie's Song"
"Already Gone"



NOV. 74

Jimmy Page
Paul Rodgers
Rick Wakeman
Cat Stevens
Johnny Winter

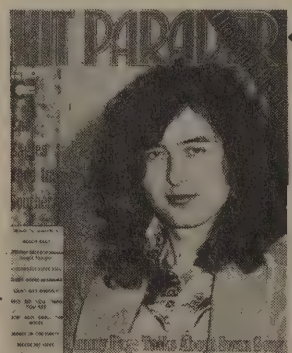
"Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me"
"Feel Like Makin' Love"
"The Night Chicago Died"
"Rock & Roll Heaven"
"Shin' On"
"Sure As I'm Sittin' Here"



DEC. 74

Eric Clapton
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
Pete Townshend
Maria Muldaur
David Bowie

"Clap For The Wolfman"
"Eyes Of Silver"
"(You're) Having My Baby"
"I Shot The Sheriff"
"It's Only Rock & Roll"
"Nothing From Nothing"



JAN. 75

The Eagles
Todd Rundgren
Jimmy Page
Eno
Souther - Hillman - Furay Band

"Can't Get Enough"
"Higher Plane"
"Jazzman"
"Sweet Home Alabama"
"Tin Man"
"Who Do You Think You Are"

also available

FEB., 75

Elton's Abandoned Dreams
Ron Wood's Got His Own Album
The Intimate Rod Stewart
Hit Parader Interview: Paul Rodgers
Jimmy Page: An Encore For Bad Company

MAR., 75

Zeppelin's New LP
Pink Floyd: Dark Side Of The Moon
Mick Ronson: From Bowie To Mott
Hit Parader Interview: John Lennon
Mick Jagger Backstage

APR., 75

Keith Richard: The Rolling Stone
George Harrison: Out There On His Own
The Raspberries Jam - No More Cream And Sugar
Johnny Winter's New Directions?
Hit Parader Interview: Raymond Douglas Davies

JUNE, 75

On Tour With Led Zeppelin
Pete Townshend: The Leader of the Lost Generation Gets Serious
Jim Dandy's Sex Life: Would We Love Him With His Shirt On?

JULY, 75

Alice Cooper: Would You Believe Alice Is Back?
Richard Robinson Brings You Up To Date
Hit Parader Interview: In A Rare, Exclusive Interview, Cameron Crowe Talks to the Tull Man
Rick Derringer: Richard Robinson Checks Out Rick's New Studio Stuff

AUG., 75

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(continued from page 33)

gig."

The living quarters here have begun to show signs of lengthy occupation. Guitars at various points, a reel - to - reel on the dresser, a pick on the coffee table that bears the legend *"This is my fuckin' pick — E.C."*. In the corner, on an easel beside the TV, a fan's pencil drawing of Eric. Patti Boyd and Marcy Levy are embarking on a shopping trip in Manhattan. This is the band's first day off in some weeks.

In comparison to the last American tour which, by all accounts, was pursued as if the participants were contesting some kind of rock 'n' roll lunacy championship, the overall impression this time out suggests a more professional, more businesslike approach.

That first tour out, that was really a case of everybody involved feeling each other out. "The breaking down doors, squirting water hoses about ... that was for, well, not so much for enjoyment (laughs) as seeing how far you can push somebody. And now we all know how far the limit is. We don't need it."

This line-up is in fact the first since Cream that Eric has kept intact for more than one studio album. On the subject he points out: "The drummer and the keyboard man, Jamie (Oldaker and Dick (Sims) are both around 23 years old, and I want to be around cats like that when they're really maturing.

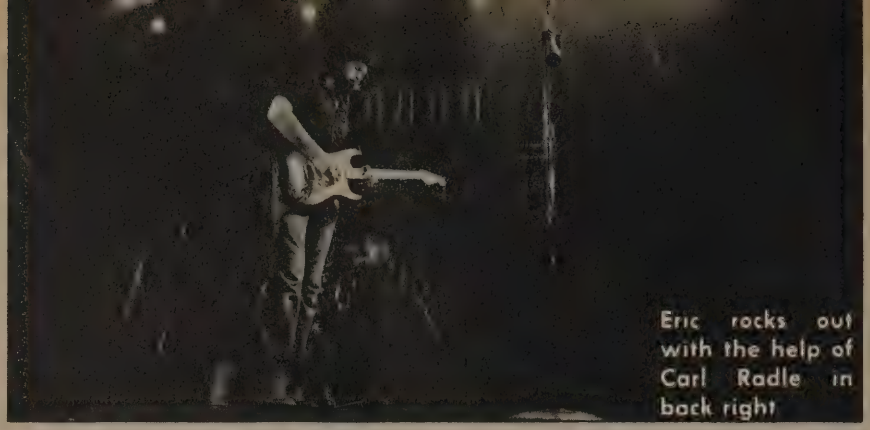
" 'Cause I'm getting older, you know, and I need to hang out with people who have that force."

Their patriarchial champion in every way, Clapton leans towards aggressive protectiveness when he feels the band is under attack. Right now he reckons Marcy Levy added to the lineup in Kingston during the recording of "There's One In Every Crowd", isn't getting the credit she deserves. "Either that, or they get her name wrong. She works as hard as anybody else and when she gets dismissed in a review with a line like, 'Marcy Levy — Eric's new *screamer,*' ... well, it just isn't conducive to her ego, you know."

1975 is Eric's tax year out of Britain, the legal manoeuvrings restricting him to just 60 days home during that period, none of which he's allowed to spend on any kind of renumerative activity. Even writing a song, is out. Concerts in Britain, until April 1976, are quite clearly out of the picture.

"Sure I'd like to entertain the people of my country." Shrugs. "I seem to find it very difficult these days though."

Surprisingly, if you accept my account of the Derek and the Dominos period, he's remarkably knowledgeable of press reviews these days. Take his Hammersmith concert in December last year. Before I can recall the tenor of the NME review and who wrote it, Eric's informed me that it was by Steve Turner and basically a good one, but that others, some of the reviews "were downright damning." In particular he quotes me one



Eric rocks out with the help of Carl Radle in back right

that closed on the line: "Frankly I'd rather go to Dingwalls any day."

Clapton: "I mean, I know it wasn't a *great gig,* but ..."

All round though, there are agreeable signs here that Clapton's mental processes are on a par with his self-evident physical well-being, that the 1975 Clapton is farm more sussed to What's going Down.

These days, you feel, while no artist however well balanced can totally shrug off a flop without some denting of ego. Clapton is far more able to come to terms with himself. He's disappointed, but far from destroyed by the relative lack of sales for "One In Every Crowd" — more of which later — and is quite prepared to send "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" on its way without the moral support of his record company, who don't rate it strong enough for the singles charts.

Though there's a trace of bitterness in his voice, there's something re-assuring in the way he announces: "You get to the point where you can't let people push you around. 'Cause they'll make one right decision, and the next make a wrong one. Like releasing 'Swing Low' to follow up 'I Shot The Sheriff'. What they should have done was put out 'Motherless Children'."

It was in mid-1973 that Carl Radle, his bassist from the Dominos, cabled Clapton with the news that he'd discovered a drummer and keyboards man (Oldaker and Sims) playing the bars in the States.

Clapton sat on the information at the same time, but, when he came in out of the country and picked up his plane ticket to Miami from Robert Stigwood, his first action was to cable Radle to head southwards, knowing that he'd have other players in tow.

Other than that, Eric travelled alone. In his suitcase: just two potential songs. One, the aforementioned "Give Me Strength", the other the Scott, Boyer song "Please Be With Me", which Eric had heard on the Duane Allman "Anthology Album" and become infatuated with solely for Allman's dobro accompaniment.

Arriving before Radle and eager to get down to business, Clapton hooked up with whoever was available at Criteria which is where George Terry came into the picture and immediately "clicked". Also around was Yvonne Elliman, hanging out there with her husband Bill Oakes, president of RSO.

Finally the Tulsa team — Radle, Oldaker & Sims — showed up. At first, according to Eric, there was just a *little* bit of friction between the two camps. The Tulsa team had figured on a quartet. The new, mentally - balanced Eric went around doing "the diplomat", cooling egos out, and pulled together "what I consider one of the best bands I've ever played with".

Initial frictions over, the lineup and the sessions clicked like a dream. "461 Ocean Boulevard" was knocked off in a total of two weeks including out-takes, of which says Eric there were many. Little needs saying about its acceptance from all quarters. Everywhere, from artistic well-being to the dividends of the shareholders of RSO, there was cause for celebration.

So what went wrong with "There's One In Every Crowd"? Clapton needs little persuasion that something did.

My own feeling is that "461" made it all look so easy on several counts that Eric got lulled into a false sense of security when he came to approach the follow up. Consequently everything about "One In Every Crowd" — playing material, promotion, even the sleeve design — was far too low key for the purpose.

With hindsight, Clapton concurs. "Absolutely. What was that headline on your review — 'It's Got Something But It's Hard To Say What' — that actually hit the nail right on the head. I knew when we were doing it that it had something though I couldn't say what. But I knew it wasn't powerful enough after '461'.

"You see, with '461', well that was obviously going to do well. It could have been a little less good and it still would have been accepted. But whatever I put up next had to be better. It was almost as good, but not better.

"We were trying so hard on 'One In Every Crowd' that it took us three weeks in Kingston, and then we took it to Miami and started overdubbing and putting new tracks on there.

"See, what we were trying to do was maintain the groove of '461' and make it a bit more powerful, when in actual fact maybe what we should have done is put out a heavy metal album. That's what I'm considering now. I'm sort of confused by the whole situation. I'm not sure which direction *they* want me to go in, and it puts me in a bind because I'm not sure which direction *I* want to go in."

What would an Eric Clapton heavy metal album sound like?

"Oh, slow blues, blues shuffles, a lot of guitar ... I don't mean like Led Zeppelin or Deep Purple ... it would be blues - oriented, but heavier.

"What we're planning to do now, for the next part of the American tour, is to add congas, and then, maybe, even horns. Obviously there's a point where you have to stop but that's a financial thing.

"I don't ever want to get off a tour again and be in debt, you know."

"Well you try to keep down breakages in hotel rooms." (Laughs). "You buy as few clothes as you can. You try to behave yourself.

"Lots of the overheads go on the stuff they lay on for you in the dressing rooms. You go in and there's like bourbon, scotch, vodka, beers, meats—and very little of it gets touched anyway. There's a lot of money spent on that kind of thing. Bowls of fruit, all that. Those kind of things all add up."

Let's say that the "Layla" thing was to happen all over again, that something, Eric thought, contained considerable artistic merit was again given the brush off by the public. Would he be any more able to take that kind of pressure today?

"Well, the difference now might be financial, in that this band are all young. They're fairly new at making a lot of bread, and if we carry on bombing out with albums then we'd probably eventually bomb out on gigs too and then I'd get into debt ... and that might break up the band. That's the only thing."

But that's commercial pressure. What about artistic pressure?

"Maybe. Who can say? Who can say?"

So do you see your period of addiction as completely behind you?

The answer comes without hesitation "No, no, no. 'Cause if you think like that then you set up a fear of it. Which is bad. A fear of anything is bad."

And the fact that his record company feel he needs policing to make sure he doesn't lapse back?

"Well ... that's a drag. It's a drag because I am 30 years of age, and I believe I have the right to make my own decisions.

"If I take it onto myself to go out and score some hard drugs then that is my right.

"But that is beside the point: the fact is, it just separates me from the band. They feel they are just like sidemen, that I'm the superstar with the suite. It'll probably change sooner or later. But it's not going to change yet because they still don't trust me. I don't know ... There's not much I can do about it. It's very difficult. I sneak off whenever I can, but there's always somebody watching me."

Presumably, though, you can say "No. Leave me alone."

"Yeah but it's difficult y'see, because the people assigned to do it are actually friends of mine. Like Mick, big Mick, he's been with me since the Cream.

"His job is to look after me but also to keep people away, which is good and bad because it means that I don't lose my passport ... things like that ... but it also means that I don't get to meet people."□

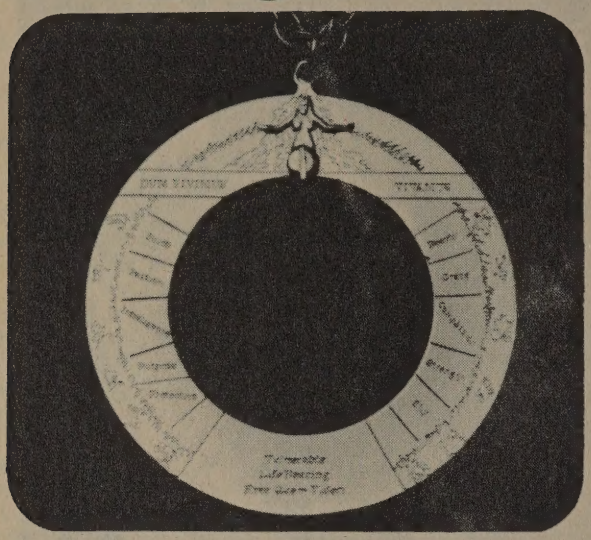


Eric Clapton and Carlos Santana on stage.



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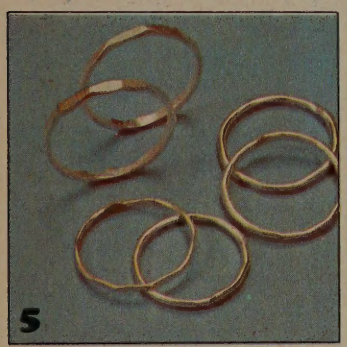
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